

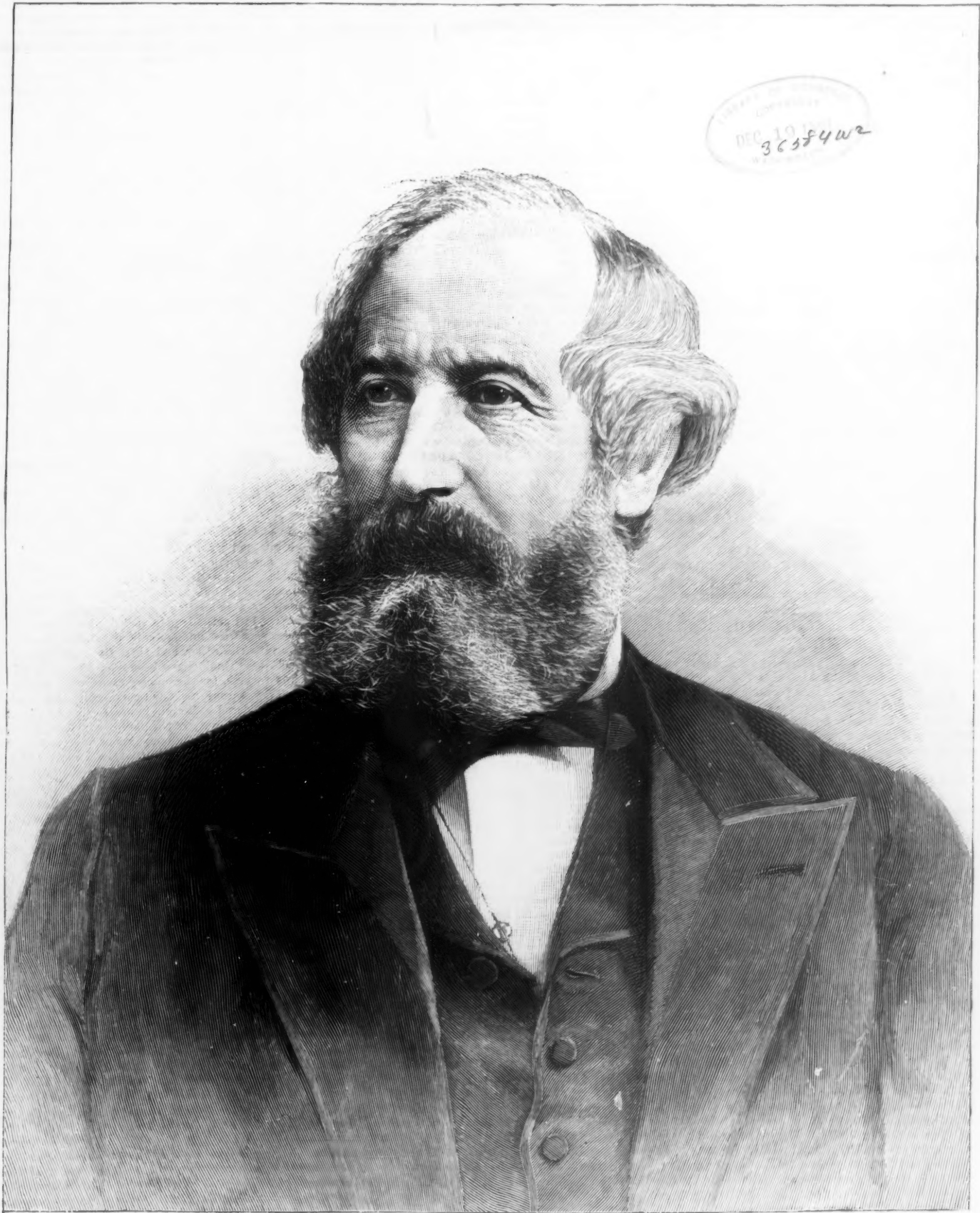
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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CYRUS W. FIELD.

(See Editorial.)

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
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NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

- Dec. 22—Marian Evans (George Eliot) died—1880.
 " 23—George Crabbe, poet, born—1754.
 " 24—Thackeray died—1863.
 " 25—Christmas Day.
 " 26—Secretaries Chase and Seward resign, but resume office—1862.
 " 27—General Joseph Johnston takes command of Confederate Army of Georgia—1863.
 " 28—The St. Albans raiders recaptured—1864.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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CYRUS W. FIELD AND THE FIELD FAMILY.

IT is a credit to human nature—the sympathy expressed throughout the American community for Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD amid the afflictions and disasters which have darkened the latter days of his useful and honorable life. Call no man happy until he is dead, said SOLOMON, and the warning seems to have been pointed at just such a tragical experience as Mr. FIELD'S, whose long, bright and prosperous career was destined to close in sorrow and calamity. It is impossible for any right-feeling man to regard without commiseration the dire succession of losses and sufferings to which an upright and distinguished citizen has been subjected in what should have been a peaceful and serene old age. What darker combination of griefs and woes can be imagined than for a man, already prostrated by a poignant bereavement, to see himself forced, by the failure of a firm in which his son was a partner, to sacrifice the earnings of a well-spent life, to rescue from reproach a name which he had made illustrious.

I.

CYRUS WEST FIELD deserves the respect and admiration of his countrymen, considered as a typical product of American manhood and American institutions. He comes of sturdy and resourceful New England stock, and no sketch of his own career, however cursory, would be complete without some reference to his lineage and to the eminence attained by his brothers in various walks of life. It is worth noting, for example, that his grandfather, Captain TIMOTHY FIELD, was an officer of the Revolutionary army, who, after the acknowledgment of American independence, settled in Guilford, Conn. The coincidence is interesting that a son of the Captain's, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, was fitted for college with JEREMIAH EVARTS, father of ex-Senator EVARTS, and that the two boys roomed together at Yale, graduating in 1802. After studying theology, DAVID DUDLEY, the father of CYRUS, was ordained pastor of a Congregational church, and continued in the active exercise of the ministry until 1851, when he retired to Stockbridge, where he died in 1867. Not only was he, during nearly half a century, one of the most respected mem-

bers of the clerical profession in the Connecticut valley, but he was widely known as an historical scholar, being a member of the Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts historical societies.

The eldest son of the Rev. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, who received his father's name, was to achieve remarkable distinction at the American Bar. The young DAVID DUDLEY was born in 1805, and, after graduating at Williams College, in 1825, studied law in Albany. After his admission to the Bar he became a member of the law firm of H. & D. SEDGWICK, and thenceforward for nearly sixty years was engaged in the continuous practice of his profession in New York City. During half a century he has been conspicuous for his labors in behalf of law reform. As early as 1847 he took part in the preparation of the codes of civil and criminal procedure, which were subsequently submitted to the legislature and enacted into law. The cardinal feature of these codes was the obliteration of the traditional distinction of common law and equity methods, to the end that all the rights and obligations of the parties might be determined in one action, instead of being litigated in different suits. How generally the value of this reform has been appreciated is made clear by the fact that the system of civil procedure associated with Mr. FIELD'S name has been adopted by no fewer than twenty-four States and Territories, and has suggested the fusion of law and equity brought about in England by the new judicature act, as well as similar simplifications of procedure in several of the English colonies. We should add that Mr. FIELD'S code of criminal procedure has also been enacted in eighteen of our States and Territories.

Having next turned his attention to the codification of substantive law, Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD was, in 1857, appointed by the State of New York the head of a commission to prepare political, penal and civil codes, intended to supersede not only existing statutes, but the unwritten or common law. These remarkable proofs of the extent to which codifying may be carried were completed in 1865; and although the State of New York has, as yet, only enacted the criminal code, the civil code—in preparing which Mr. FIELD had the assistance of WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES and ALEXANDER BRADFORD—has been adopted by California and Dakota, and has been turned to signal account by the lawmakers of other States. The latest of Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD'S public services has been his persistent endeavor to secure a reform of the law of nations. In 1866 he prevailed upon the British Association to designate a committee, made up of eminent jurists of different countries, for the purpose of outlining an international code. Concerted action being found impracticable, Mr. FIELD took exclusive charge of the work, and, in 1873, presented to the Social Science Congress his "Outlines of an International Code," a treatise which has become a classic in its province, and has been translated not only into many European languages, but into Chinese. It has caused the formation of a large and influential association, whose aim is the reform and codification of the law of nations, which, could it be effected, would result in the substitution of arbitration for war in disputes between independent States. Commenting upon the work accomplished in this and cognate fields, an English lord chancellor has said that Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has done more for the reform of laws than any other man living. In the judgment of many experts, European and American, his Civil Code deserves to rank with the Siete Partidas, with the Code of Louisiana, which gave EDWARD LIVINGSTON his reputation, and with the Code Napoleon.

DAVID DUDLEY is not by any means the only brother of CYRUS W. FIELD who holds a high and honorable place in the American community. Another son of the Congregationalist minister, namely, STEPHEN JOHNSON FIELD, was born in 1816, and after graduating at Williams, entered the office of his elder brother, DAVID DUDLEY, for the purpose of studying law, and after his admission to the Bar became a member of the firm. On the outbreak of the gold fever in California he sailed for San Francisco, and, after successfully practicing his profession for some years in Marysville, was in 1857 elected a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. He continued to hold this office up to the time of his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, by President LINCOLN, in 1863. Among the important decisions in which Judge FIELD has been concerned, may be mentioned those in the legal tender and confiscation cases, and the well-known test-oath case, in which he gave the casting vote and wrote the opinion of the court annulling the validity of the so-called iron-clad severance. In 1877 Judge FIELD was a member of the Electoral Commission to which was delegated the duty of deciding whether Mr. HAYES or Mr. TILDEN was elected President, and his vote was cast with the Democratic minority. Three years later he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency at the Cincinnati Convention, and sixty-five votes were cast for him on the first ballot.

Still another member of this eminent family is HENRY MARTYN FIELD, the clergyman, who was born in 1822, and, like the elder brothers above named, was graduated at Williams College. After studying theology at New Haven he became pastor of a Presbyterian

church, first in St. Louis, and afterwards in West Springfield, Mass.; but in 1854 he removed to New York and became one of the editors of *The Evangelist*, of which he subsequently was the proprietor. A visit which he made to Ireland, and his intimate acquaintance with the families of Irish patriots residing in New York, begot in him a lively interest in Irish history, whose outcome was the publication of "The Irish Confederates, a History of the Rebellion of 1798." The Rev. HENRY M. FIELD has been a voluminous and successful author, his books of travel, in particular, including "From Killarney to the Golden Horn," and "From Egypt to Japan," having attracted a great deal of attention.

II.

CYRUS WEST FIELD, perhaps the most distinguished member of his family, was born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819, and did not share the advantage of a college education which his brothers enjoyed. All the schooling that he had was obtained in his native village, and at the age of fifteen he came to New York, where he obtained a situation as clerk in the drygoods store of A. T. STEWART & Co. Before he was twenty-one, however, he determined to go into trade on his own account, and, having undertaken the manufacture and sale of paper, was, in the course of a dozen years, at the head of a prosperous business. It was after his partial retirement in 1853 that the idea of establishing telegraphic communication seems to have occurred to him in the course of a conversation with his brother, MATTHEW, in which he had been asked to aid in constructing a telegraph line across Newfoundland. The idea fructified in his active mind, and he ultimately prevailed on a number of New York gentlemen, including PETER COOPER, MOSES TAYLOR and MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, to join him in subscribing a large amount of money for the execution of the project, which was presently launched under the title of the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company. Mr. FIELD at once took measures to obtain from the colonial legislature at St. John's the exclusive right for fifty years to establish a telegraph line from the American continent across the island of Newfoundland and thence to Europe. The next thirteen years of the chief promoter's life were entirely devoted to the fulfillment of his unprecedented design. It is recorded that during this period he visited London more than forty times, with the object of enlisting English capitalists in the enterprise. The obstacles which he encountered would have been insuperable to a less indomitable will, for they who were cognizant with the state of public opinion at the time will recall how rooted was the skepticism with which the scheme was regarded. In the end Mr. FIELD was forced to personally contribute one-fourth of the sum needed for laying the first cable. It is well known that after several costly and unsuccessful efforts to connect the Old World and the New by a submarine wire, telegraphic communication was at last actually established. For a very short time messages were undoubtedly dispatched from one continent to the other, and then the cable ceased to act. Most men would have been completely discouraged by this reverse, for the money raised with so much difficulty was gone, and the task of collecting fresh capital was rendered well-nigh impracticable by the now confirmed incredulity of the public, which even viewed the asserted reception of messages as apocryphal. Even by those who acknowledged that, as a matter of scientific fact, the much ridiculed sentence, "All right, DE SANTY" had come over the wire, the speedy interruption of the cable's conducting power was accepted as proof positive that, from a commercial view-point, a sub-oceanic telegraph was out of the question. Then the war of the rebellion supervened and forced even the unwavering mind of Mr. FIELD to recognize the necessity of postponing for a brief season the renewal of the experiment. He did not cease, however, to visit England and to strive, by repeated public addresses, to rekindle interest in the subject. At last, in 1865, active measures were resumed, new capital was enlisted, and the mammoth steamer, *Great Eastern*, was secured for the purpose of paying out a second cable, in which important improvements had been made. But another misfortune confronted Mr. FIELD, and again shook the faith of his supporters; for, after twelve hundred miles had been laid, the cable parted, and the *Great Eastern* had to return to England. Once more the irrepressible promoter put his shoulder to the wheel, and, a third expedition having been dispatched in 1866 with a new cable, telegraphic communication was, in July of that year, permanently established between the two continents.

So patent to all men was the fact that, but for CYRUS W. FIELD, the transatlantic cable might not have been laid for a century, that the recognition of his exploit was instant and unstinted. Since the time of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, no American achievement in the field of applied science has obtained such world-wide recognition. Congress by a unanimous vote presented Mr. FIELD with a gold medal and the thanks of the nation; and, as an English Prime Minister has testified, nothing but the fact that the author of submarine telegraph communication was the citizen of a foreign country prevented his receiving high honors at the hands of

the British Government. Among other marks of appreciation of Mr. FIELD's service to civilization may be mentioned the grand medal conferred upon him at the Paris exposition of 1867, a decoration from King VICTOR EMANUEL, gold medals from the State of Wisconsin and the New York and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce, a gold snuff-box, together with the freedom of the city from the city of New York, and an entire service of silver from the late GEORGE PEABODY.

It is well known that the public services of Mr. FIELD did not end with the laying of the Atlantic cable. To him more than to any other man is due the system of elevated railways in the city of New York, and it seems like the irony of destiny that a large part of his fortune should have been swept away through the unscrupulous manipulation of the elevated railway stocks by a faithless friend. If at that time CYRUS W. FIELD had the sympathy of all acquainted with his career, how much more fervent is their condolence, now that the last remnant of his property has been put in jeopardy by the misconduct of his son! Of Mr. FIELD it may in truth be said that unmerciful disaster has followed fast and followed faster, nor would it be surprising if even his gallant spirit were for a moment shaken by the accumulation of calamities. Yet he should be sustained by the knowledge that the hearts of good and patriotic citizens are bound to him by indissoluble ties, and that there is no man living in the American commonwealth who commands or has deserved more fully the respect and admiration of his countrymen.

CURES FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A CREDIBLE citizen of Kansas reports that many of the reformed drinkers in that State, whose reformation was largely due to the difficulty of obtaining liquor under the prohibitive legislation in that State, have taken to such stimulants as antipyrine and quinine. It is a well-known fact that there are slaves to the "ginger habit" no less firmly shackled than the rum slave himself. Even the number of those who are addicted to very strong tea—made, contrary to all cookery canons, by boiling the tea and water together—is fast increasing; and they are apparently so bound to that kind of tea that tea properly "drawn" is not what their appetite craves.

Now all of these substances are injurious to the human mind and body, and through them to the morals of this class of habit-slaves. While they do not intoxicate, it is certain that their habitual use is debasing. The serious question arises, If the drinker abandons his alcohol and flees to these habits, has he really reformed? The answer must be in the negative.

After abandoning alcohol, the only proper substitute is well-cooked, nutritious food: not only bread and beef and milk, but also special food for the nerves to strengthen the will-power and induce sleep in season. The artificial and transient stimulation of alcohol must be supplanted by the stimulation of healthful food, clean, well-aired apartments and regular rest, at proper intervals, for mind and body. Nature will assert her supremacy if artificial hindrances are removed. The young and middle-aged *habitués* of alcohol have, on this view of the case, no excuse whatever for relapse. The farce "reform" of giving up one species of excessive artificial stimulation and adopting another, is probably the most serious obstacle in the way of curing the drink evil. In the case of older *habitués* it must be—though regrettably—admitted that as they have lived they must continue to live—stimulant of some kind they must have. They are past the stage of nature in which physical upbuilding is sufficiently active to eradicate a life-long craving and to partially repair the natural waste of the body at the same time. Hence healthful food, drink, fresh air and rest—Nature's stimulants—will not be sufficient for them.

In a word, cure of drunkenness supposes Nature assisting in the reform. In addition to this, as heretofore maintained in these columns, temptation must be avoided. The victim must suffer for awhile, and must expect to suffer; to be strong against his failing; to feel an aching void; to tear himself away from his former life; to be calm, and watchful, and patient. Unless he intends, at the beginning of his struggle, to do these things, it will be useless for him to enter upon it. No matter what the "cure" may be—in these matters the patient must minister unto himself.

A SPECULATIVE bachelor writes a book—though a little one—to answer the question, Shall women propose? "The Critical Woman" of the New York World says she can answer it in a wink: "Woman has a perfect right to propose, if she wants to. There is no more harm in her asking a man to marry her than there is in a small boy asking for a red apple that charms his eye, or a baby pleading with its pink-tipped fingers for the pretty butterfly that plays around it in the sun." Come to think of it, that is a fact, very prettily told. But woman has been notoriously backward in asserting her rights. As leap year is approaching, and the "woman who thinks" is on deck, an improvement in this direction, accompanied by a wholesale reclamation of bachelors, may be looked for before the blue-birds whistle.

THE "HARMLESS CRANK."

THE "crank" is harmless just so long as he keeps his flighty notions and impracticable theories to himself, and no longer. If he undertakes to elucidate his theories, he is likely to influence some other crank who is disposed to reduce them to practice. And experience teaches that the wilder the vagaries the crank entertains the less likely he is to keep his mouth shut. A vagary is an intellectual phenomenon that will "out." It cannot be suppressed. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that no crank is harmless.

But what are we to do about it? The law will not uphold us in shutting up a man under penalties, or even under asylum restrictions and safeguards, for merely entertaining flighty notions. Our precious freedom of speech we must not abridge by placing a man under restraint for expounding in open day, in lecture hall and in the light of reason, the erudite communistic doctrines of PROUDHON. This is a free country. If a man does not want to wear boots, he may wear shoes, or slippers, or go barefooted. If he chooses to think and proclaim in public that all millionaires are robbers, and owe the rest of us an even and equitable "divide up," why, let him so think and say.

If this free-thinker and easy talker goes himself, or sends somebody else, to blow up a millionaire's gilt-edged brokerage office and all its human and financial contents—as the bomb-thrower did in RUSSELL SAGE'S office in Broadway, New York, on the 4th inst.—the point of view is somewhat modified, as it were. But the broad principle—the everlasting, undying principle, as we may say—remains: this is a free country and a man may think, say and print, if he can get the services of a printer, whatever he pleases. If sudden and unprovided deaths are the result of the free-thinker and speaker's bomb practice, that is not the fault of the undying principle referred to. It is clearly the result of the bomb hurled by the hand of a crank. The great New York dailies take this view, and from their view there is no appeal in this world.

After writing this bomb-thrower down a crank, the next step is to find his associates and accomplices, if he had any. Then it is announced that the Broadway episode will certainly urge other cranks to similar attempts at destruction. To guard against these contingencies, every known or suspected crank is placed under police surveillance. The drag-net of the Central Detective Office draws in a variegated assortment of wild-eyed, unclean and unkempt loafers, who spend their comfortable waking existence indulging in wild talk which is far more injurious to the public welfare than the chronic idleness which many a shiftless, but harmless and silent poor creature, "does time" for on Blackwell's Island. There should be a law to reach these loud-mouthed loafers. Freedom of speech is well enough within bounds, but freedom of speech which can and does incite the vicious and the cranks to deeds of violence, should be abridged in the workhouse by a timely and prolonged taste of the reality of life, viz.: that we all must work for our living, the rich as well as the poor.

But there is yet another thought which occurs in connection with the Broadway bomb-throwing. This "madman," who planned and executed the explosion, must have realized that instant death awaited him, as the explosive struck the floor at his feet. This man had no belief in a hereafter. The bomb was a means of welcome extinction, annihilation, for him.

If he could not get the million dollars he demanded from the aged broker, he could at least take his departure. No need in the Nowhere of atheism for money or for anything. What strength does this belief in "nothing beyond the grave," give to the arm of the destroyer? If such a one is discontented with this world it is easy to leave it, and there is nothing to be accountable for in the Nowhere. If such a belief should spread, suicides with murderous accompaniments might be expected, at the end of a few more centuries, to take the place of the penal code. The criminal need not submit to the latter unless he wishes to take a short vacation from crime. In the development of human affairs, either the belief and the crank, or the penal code must go.

In the old theologies, now so often undervalued, there were two classes of atheists—those who maintained there was no overruling Master, and those who lived as if they believed there was none. Our time has produced a third class—those who first "reason" themselves into the conviction that the universe and everything, animate and inanimate, simply developed of itself, and that there is, consequently, no need of a God, and then act upon this conviction to make themselves as comfortable and independent as possible. Most of these never take note of the realities of life, except as these may seem to confirm them in their conviction. They live for the most part in the higher realms of metaphysical speculation, which for them is far removed from and transcendent over, mere matters of fact. We wish to place ourselves on record with a protest against classing these men—with their pleasant doctrine of the pleasantness of annihilation—as harmless cranks. Whereas they may think annihilation just the thing when they have nothing more to live for; other people

who have may reasonably object to accompanying them in the search for Nirvana. At all events, the general public should see to it at once that compulsion of this kind be made unpopular as possible.

CONGRESS AND THE NATION.

THE particular measures of legislation which this nation urgently needs, at present, are not many. They may be counted on one's fingers. But their importance is such that they must be attended to at once. They must receive thorough consideration. Our Congressmen in both Houses will find it necessary to use foresight and shrewdness in dealing with them. Superficial makeshifts and temporary expedients will not answer. A careful study of first principles, a probing of national ills to the bottom, solid and enduring statesmanship instead of superficial law-making for future patching, are in order. These the nation has the right to expect and demand from its representatives.

Our relations with other countries are peculiar. Standing, as we do, alone among the nations of the earth, as the only truly representative republic, our relations with other countries are necessarily peculiar. For instance, we have no "subjects" in this country. Thousands of male adults living within our borders and under the protection of our laws are not even citizens, and many who are, are not fit to be. Other countries have the advantage of us in this very important matter. They have the power to inflict upon us the grievous international wrong of corrupting our population, endangering our lives and property, and adding to our burdens of taxation, by sending us their criminals, their illegitimates, their desperate atheists and anarchists, and their hopeless and semi-aged paupers. Congress owes it to this nation to deal practically—summarily, if need be—with this question of our future national life or death.

The foreign commerce, the shipbuilding and the defenses of this country need immediate attention. Reciprocity treaties must be supplemented by intelligent and reasonable measures for building up our merchant marine. A fair exchange of commodities with other countries will be to our advantage. It cannot be otherwise. Our natural wealth of mine, soil, forest, climate, and stream is immeasurably beyond that of any other country. We cannot lose by a reasonable reduction or abolition of customs duties, in response to overtures from European nations for the mutual or reciprocal smoothing of the paths of commerce. The necessity of a much more efficient navy than we have, for defense, is obvious. But if our merchant marine could be steadily built up, and our fleet of modern cruisers could be gradually increased so as to simply keep pace with our commercial advancement, that would be sufficient. Such national growth would have the merit of being uniform. With our advancing wealth, also, the burden of appropriations for national defense would be less perceptible. In a word, our foreign commerce, our shipbuilding and our defenses should progress on parallel lines of equal length.

The complicated and ill-understood question of finance assumes an importance now that it never possessed before, perhaps, in our history. The present national banking system must be replaced, within the next twenty-five years, by some other system. The respective merits of monometallism and bimetalism, and of the free coinage, the restricted coinage, or the continued demonetization of silver cannot be properly determined and applied to future legislation without patient study and much intellectual delving into history and political economy. To steer clear of serious blunders in legislation on this subject—and at the same time give whatever relief is practicable to the inequalities complained of by many of our most worthy occupations—will be among the most arduous of the tasks which confront the Fifty-second Congress.

It is cheering to reflect, however, that our Representatives and Senators will have a more enlightened and temperate public opinion to deal with in this Congress than in any previous one. An intelligent, business-like patriotism among the people is rapidly wiping out rabid partisanship. The Congressman, in either the House or Senate, can best serve his party now by serving his country and being true to her best interests, even at the expense of leaving his party's legislative caucus. The first generation of those American children who have had the benefits of the improved methods of common-school education practiced in the United States within the last twenty years, are now men and women grown. They are more independent, less easily led, than the generation which preceded. The careful student of recent election returns, and of the many political changes which they indicate, must see that the new generation of voters are making themselves felt. The Congressman who wishes to keep abreast of the times cannot afford to be a rabid partisan.

The duty of Congress is to appropriate millions for national greatness, honor and prosperity, but not one cent in obedience to a mere party legislative caucus. It will then be the extreme pleasure of the nation to trust the same Congress again and again—and yet again.

If the word "sticktoitiveness" were a good English word, we should use it with reference to a case we are holding under advisement. Mr. JAMES BRADY, of New York City, is a gardener, sixty years of age. His hair is gray and his form is bent, but he has in his nerves, blood and muscles a strong infusion of the quality above mentioned. On a New York elevated railroad train, he rode from Fourteenth to Nineteenth street, Second avenue, holding on to the frame of the gate with his hands and to an inch or two of the platform under the gate with his feet, while the train whisked along through the air near the upper stories of the big buildings. The guard would not open the gate to let him on to the platform. It was a stubborn contest. The shaky and jerky train, backed by the guard, struggled to shake the old gentleman off, while the latter held on like a friend who is in need and determined to "get there." Mr. BRADY won and saved his life. The guard, though he did not bag his victim, has the satisfaction of knowing that he enforced one of the rules of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, viz., that under no circumstances shall a gate be opened while a train is in motion. The elevated railroad managers have the New York traveling public under tolerably fair subjection, at present, and it must be a source of gratification to them that, though they did not kill the gardener, they forced him to realize that it is a dangerous thing to fall into the hands of one of their guards armed with a "rule."

THE Pacific Ocean is taking on a decidedly warlike and commercial aspect. Russia is advancing towards Korea and intends to establish a protectorate there. This may mean war for some of the neighbors—China, Japan, and perhaps Great Britain. It is, at all events, not favorable to the autonomy of Korea. The object of this move is said to be commercial. Russia's foreign trade by the Pacific route has hitherto been stopped during the winter months by the closing of her entire Siberian seaboard. This stoppage exerts a depressing influence on Russian trade in general. If Korea is secured, with its magnificent open harbors for Russian shipping, the great Russian railroads projected and now building will bring the enormous grain, mineral and timber products of Siberia to the Korean ports, as an outlet for the markets of the world. If Russia gains a certain commercial prominence in the Pacific, we might sell Alaska back to her at a handsome profit. Then England could fight out the Behring Sea question with a power that really wants to fight, and that would let us out of the seal-pup and sealskin squabble, which hangs fire at present. We should take advantage of the march of events.

FRANCE will let in American pork at only three of her ports of entry, the pork must be from healthy hogs, etc., etc. Our "sister republic" is putting us under many compliments for such a small favor. Suppose Uncle SAM hereafter insisted that French champagne should not be made from hard cider; that fifteen-year-old Burgundy should not be from last year's vintage; that *Phylloxera vastatrix* should be Paris-greened three times a week and kept off the French grape-vines at all hazards, or we would none of her wine; what would our "sister republic" do? In truth, our good sister is over-squeamish on the subject of our really excellent pork. We eat none but the best hog-products ourselves, and we do not ask France to eat any other kind, either; that is why we ask her to try the American brand. But France should quit "insinuating."

THE Chilean army complains that the present government is needlessly severe in its treatment of Balmacedists. These made "republics" are either too severe or too free. When they are neither of these they are in the throes of a revolution. If Chili would only be herself, perhaps this could not be truthfully said of her. If she would be herself, she must free herself from all entangling alliances with European powers, and compel foreign speculators to keep their hands off her governmental affairs. In connection with this line of policy, Chili should adopt a moderately liberal constitution and then commence building herself up from the inside—remembering always that her nearest and dearest interests lie in the direction of more amicable relations with our generous, level-headed and cool-tempered Uncle SAM.

A NEW YORK hairdresser is responsible for the statement that there has been an alarming increase in the number of bald-headed people since the grip first visited this country. The same visitation caused an increase in suicides and an increased consumption of whiskey and quinine. If it continues, the people will soon be all wearing wigs and adopting the "Gold Cure." We should guard against the grim visitor this winter.

The question of Church and State, and the question whether Socialists are to be recognized and allowed the "liberty" they demand, are two questions which are making French politics quite lurid and noisy. But, then, our sister republic has handled such politics before.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S communication to the Fifty-second Congress is clear, business-like and in every respect worthy of the Chief Executive of the nation. Attention is called to the unusual number of important negotiations and diplomatic results of a notable and highly beneficial character, achieved by the State Department. Among these are reciprocal trade arrangements which have been concluded, in the exercise of the powers conferred by Section 3 of the tariff law, with the Republic of Brazil, with Spain for its West India possessions, and with San Domingo. Like negotiations with other countries have been much advanced, and it is hoped that before the close of the year further definitive trade arrangements of great value will be concluded. The Message deals temperately and justly with our foreign relations, especially with Chili, China and Italy. The entire correspondence with the Government of Chili will be submitted to Congress at an early day. If some sort of reparation is not made, within a reasonable time, for the killing of American sailors in Valparaiso, the President will bring the matter before Congress by a special Message, for such action as may be deemed necessary. With reference to the Italian complication, the Message recommends that offenses against the treaty rights of foreigners domiciled in the United States should be made cognizable in the Federal Courts. The position of China in refusing Minister Blair because he was in favor of alleged unfriendly legislation towards China, while a member of the Senate, President Harrison does not consider a tenable position, and the Chinese Government has been so notified. On the subject of Chinese outrages on foreign residents, including Americans to whom protection is guaranteed, it is found that from mere riots the disturbances have grown to a general uprising against public order there, and the situation is regarded as extremely critical. During the recent troubles in Brazil, and the temporary assumption of supreme power by Fonseca, our Government counseled moderation, and the latest information the President has is that constitutional government has been re-established without bloodshed. On the subject of American pork abroad it is gratifying to find that Germany, Denmark, Italy, Austria and France, in the order named, have opened their ports to American inspected pork products. American citizens resident in the Caroline Islands have had their property rights infringed, and a protest has been made to the King of Spain. It is recommended that this Government should promote the invitation of Spain to take part in the Spanish Columbian Exposition to be held at Madrid, from the 12th of September to the 31st of December, 1892. Further subjects touched upon in the Message are: Our Mexican relations, including the building of the Intercontinental Railroad; Hawaii and its rulers, showing that the present ruler, Queen Liliuokalani, is friendly to this country; the Arbitration Treaty formulated by the International American Conference, which is still in a state of lapse, and which the President is in favor of reviving; Russia and the Hebrews, with the argument that Russia must not consider the expulsion of large bodies of people a merely local question, for exiles must go to some other country—and the President holds that we were justified in our remonstrances against the wholesale expulsion of Jews; the Nicaragua Canal—much costly work, preparatory and on the canal itself, has been done during the year. Within our present limits, not even the subjects treated by the President can be noticed. We will return to them in our next and succeeding issues.

WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

THE Nebraska Governorship contest is being argued before the United States Supreme Court. The vital question is whether or not Governor-elect Boyd was a citizen of the United States at the date of election. J. C. Cowin appeared for Boyd, and argued that his client became a citizen by virtue of the admission of Nebraska as a State, he being an inhabitant of the Territory of Nebraska and a member of its Constitutional Convention. Governor Thayer was represented by John F. Dillon, who argued that Boyd was not a citizen on the ground that an alien cannot grow into citizenship by belief or faith, and by assuming to act as a citizen.

Prohibition clubs will be organized throughout Iowa during the winter months, and an address to the people will be issued.

For marrying nineteen-year-old Jarvis Petty, of Port Jefferson, N. Y., Mrs. Kate Mott-Nugent-Petty, aged twenty-eight and good-looking, will serve one year in the King's County penitentiary. She has made more than one matrimonial venture, but this is her first term in the penitentiary.

The Union Stock Yards Company have decided to erect a horse-sale barn, 400x250, which will be the largest in the country.

New York City will get a new post-office building, near Broadway and Forty-second street, if the recommendation of Postmaster-General Wanamaker will be accepted by Congress.

An esteemed correspondent in Boston writes to state that more than half of the street railway cars of that city are run by electricity, and that the electric system is spreading there. In the passing of the car-horse, the cable and electric street railroad systems are making a vigorous fight for the control of franchises in large cities. In this contest the electricians have captured the "City of Culture," according to the statement of our correspondent, who evidently knows whereof he writes.

Owing to a scarcity of cars a coal famine is threatened in Iowa, Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska.

The people of Chili are much exercised over the plain and vigorous language of Secretary Tracy's report and President Harrison's message, with reference to the *Baltimore* affair.

Mob law applied to the doors of jails may be made to work both ways. The mob taking an accused prisoner from a jail and hanging him to the nearest tree, is one way. But, last week, a mob in Starke, Fla., took from the county jail Frank Foster, convicted of murdering Sheriff W. N. Epperson two years ago and released him. That is another way. Foster was to have been hanged on the 10th.

The gunboat *Machias*, the first iron vessel ever built in Maine, was launched at Bath in the presence of cheering thousands. The principal features of the new vessel are: Length, on load-line, 190 feet; beam, 32 feet; mean draught, 12 feet; displacement, 1,600 tons; indicated horse-power, 1,600; speed, fourteen knots an hour.

Paul Bergner, special American agent for the Krupp gun factory, received a cablegram at San Francisco from the Krupp Company, ordering him to proceed at once to Valparaiso, as war was about to break out between Chili and the Argentine Republic.

The boycott by the Brewers' Union on Milwaukee beer has been declared off, and the brewers in that city are allowed to form unions.

Famine is threatened in the Mexican States of Chihuahua, Durango and Chiapas. The Governor of Durango will purchase one hundred thousand bushels of corn in the United States and sell it at a nominal price to the starving people. In the Laguna region, State of Durango, there has been no rain for two years. Villo Lerdo, the chief commercial town, which formerly shipped not less than fifty thousand bales of cotton, shipped but a few hundred this year.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

THE Duke of Clarence and Avondale, otherwise known as "Collars and Cuffs," will wed Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, March 10th. His father is the Prince of Wales, and the young duke is liable some day to be King of England.

King George of Greece is down with the chicken-pox. Children usually have the complaint light in mild climates like that of Greece, but his Majesty is said to suffer severely. He should have had it when he was young.

The Chinese imperial troops claim to have scattered the Manchurian rebels, who are in full flight across the frontier into Siberia. They will be welcomed by Russia—that is, if they are fleeing as alleged.

Ex-Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil died in Paris, and a public funeral honored his remains. Services were held in the Church of the Madeleine. The dust of the ex-Emperor will repose in the Braganza vault in Lisbon.

The four hundred thousand people made homeless by the Japan earthquake need help, and an appeal has been made to the United States. Rear-Admiral Belknap, commanding our Asiatic squadron at Yokohama, says: "As communication is obtained with places heretofore unheard from, it becomes certain that the misery and devastation is vastly worse than had been supposed. In one mountain village, for example, every individual was either killed or crippled, and not one was able to go for aid to neighboring towns. The total number of persons left homeless will reach half a million. Fields, roads, dykes, potteries, tools and shops have in many cases been destroyed, and every means of livelihood has thus been taken away. The coming winter will greatly aggravate the distress of their condition. Assistance to the enlightened and friendly people of Japan may come back to us a thousand-fold some day. A generous response should be made, and it probably will be."

Italy, Germany and Austria have entered into a commercial treaty which is full of reciprocity, and will not allow any of the high contracting parties to lose a cent by tariff duties. As usual, Austria complains that she is the smallest gainer. The treaty is intended to counteract the protective policy of France, Russia and the United States.

It is announced on reliable authority that the Czar did not call on Emperor William during his trip through Germany, because it was feared such action might jeopardize the Russian loan then negotiating in Paris.

In the face of starvation in Russia, immense quantities of grain are rotting in the Caucasus provinces—where the harvest was abundant—owing to lack of transportation facilities. A famine is predicted for next year again.

The Earl of Beauchamp, who is secretary of the Christ Church Mission at Poplar, a suburban parish of London, is about to take up his residence among the East End poor, for the purpose of directing the mission work among the unfortunates in that section of the city.

READ THIS!

OUR next issue, No. 11, will be entirely devoted to Christmas, the double-page being by the irresistible Zim. This number will glitter with artistic gems, with stories (one, a genuine ghost story, illustrated), poems and essays, all specially written. It will be a veritable Christmas-box.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY PARTS:

"A History of the United States in Our Own Time."

By a Veteran Journalist.

This work, whose publication will be begun at once, will present a consecutive review of American history, from the attempt of South Carolina to nullify an Act of Congress, in the first administration of Andrew Jackson, down to the close of the administration of Benjamin Harrison. The aim will be to do for contemporary American history what has been done for contemporary English history in Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Time."

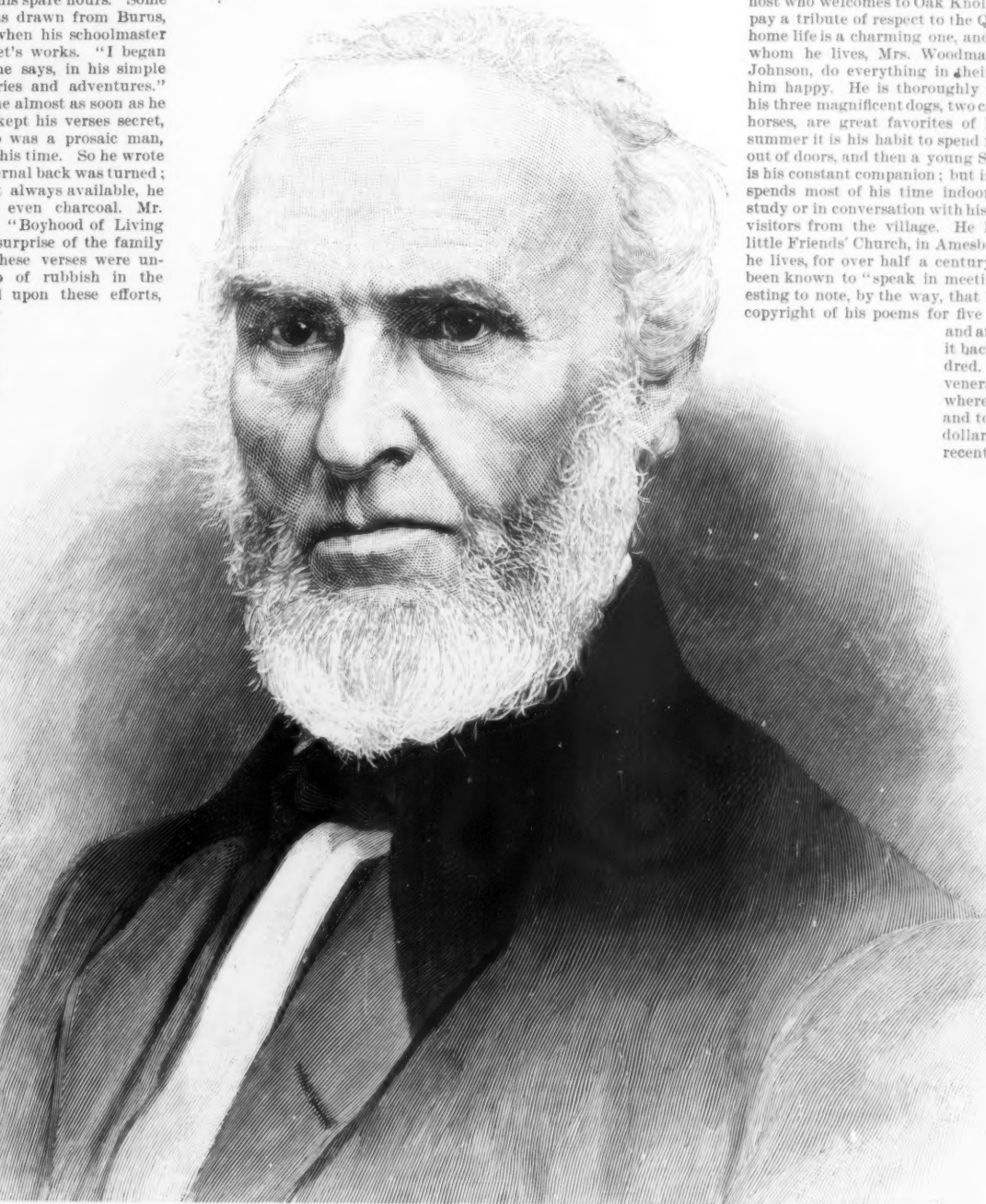
THE JOHN BRIGHT OF POETRY.

ON December 17th, John Greenleaf Whittier entered his eighty-fifth year. His birthplace still stands, near Haverhill, Mass., only a little altered from what it was in 1807. A farmer's son, born at a time when New England farm life was more frugal than it is nowadays, he had none of the opportunities for culture which Holmes and Lowell had in their youth. His parents were intelligent and upright people of limited means, who lived in all the simplicity of the Quaker faith, and there was nothing in his early surroundings to encourage and develop a literary taste. He had to borrow books among the neighbors, and thought nothing of walking several miles for one volume. The only instruction he received was at the district school, and later on at the Haverhill Academy, paying for his tuition by work done in his spare hours. Some of his earliest inspiration was drawn from Burns, and he tells us of his joy when his schoolmaster loaned him a copy of the poet's works. "I began to make rhymes myself," he says, in his simple way, "and to imagine stories and adventures." Indeed, he did begin to rhyme almost as soon as he knew how to read, but he kept his verses secret, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, might think he was wasting his time. So he wrote only on the sly, when the paternal back was turned; and, as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Mr. William H. Rideing, in his "Boyhood of Living Authors," tells us that the surprise of the family was great when some of these verses were unearthed from under a heap of rubbish in the garret. His father frowned upon these efforts, not out of unkindness, but because he doubted the efficiency of the boy's education for a literary life. His sister, however, had faith in him, and without his knowledge

this visit lasted until death ended it. The editor was quite a young man at the time—not more than three-and-twenty. His name was William Lloyd Garrison.

It was not long before his household lyrics gave Whittier such a hold on the popular heart as made him, later, in the great struggle for the emancipation of the negro, a power in the land. In them we catch, for the first time, the voice of a genuine New England bard—the accents native to a homely, a tender spirit, not cramped by any half-conscious imitation of foreign styles and methods, or strained by the deliberate effort to sustain ambitious song. It is unnecessary to quote from works which are familiar to almost every reader, so I shall merely name such legends as "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cassandra Southwick," "The Witch's Daughter," and "Mary Garvin;"

and the amount of daily correspondence which he carries on would fatigue a much younger man than he. He still devotes many of his leisure hours to literary labors, and is yet capable of doing work that has all the charm and grace of his earlier efforts. In appearance he is somewhat patriarchal. His spare form is still erect, though his hair and head are white as slacked lime, and his kindly, deep-set eye, though slightly dimmed for reading, are still bright. His step is slow, but not faltering, and his hand-clasp is as firm and as hospitable as it was a score of years ago. He does not affect the regulation Quaker garb, being too much of a poet to banish bright colors altogether; but he adheres religiously to the quaint "thee and thou," both in speaking and writing, and there is a quiet sympathy in all he does. A gentleman of the old school, courteous, refined and dignified, yet not distant—such is the host who welcomes to Oak Knoll those who would pay a tribute of respect to the Quaker Poet. His home life is a charming one, and the cousins with whom he lives, Mrs. Woodman and the Misses Johnson, do everything in their power to make him happy. He is thoroughly fond of pets, and his three magnificent dogs, two cats, and three fine horses, are great favorites of his. During the summer it is his habit to spend most of his hours out of doors, and then a young Saint Bernard dog is his constant companion; but in cold weather he spends most of his time indoors, writing in his study or in conversation with his relatives or with visitors from the village. He has attended the little Friends' Church, in Amesbury, Mass., where he lives, for over half a century; but has never been known to "speak in meeting." It is interesting to note, by the way, that he once sold the copyright of his poems for five hundred dollars and afterwards bought it back for twelve hundred. It now nets the venerable poet anywhere from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. He recently refused two



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

sent one of his poems to the *Free Press*, of Newburyport. Young Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside when the carrier handed a copy of the paper to him; and, unconscious that there was anything of his own in it, he opened it and was dazed to find some verses called "The Exile's Departure:"

"Fond scenes which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu;
A lasting adieu, for now, dim in the distance,
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand."

It was his own poem, with his initial at the foot of it, "W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826;" and, better still, this note: "If 'W.,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor." He did so, and the editor was so struck with the verses that followed that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor. So he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a lad of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, and, having stepped in at the back door so that he could put on his coat and shoes, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The friendship that began with

also "The Old Burying-Ground," "Memories," "The Playmate" and "Maud Muller." It is interesting to note, by the way, that, in the Poetry Contest in *ONCE A WEEK*, the closing lines of the last-named poem were unanimously voted the most popular quotation in poetry—i.e.:

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

"Whittier's reputation," says Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, "has grown like a forest tree, and may reasonably be expected the life of one. In the evening of his days, a modest singer, who seems never to have sought prestige by cunning ways, and whose merits were long eclipsed at home by the transient glitter of other names, he finds himself grown dear to a whole country, and very generally accepted as one of its truest lyric representatives." Scarcely any poet of our time, remarks the same accomplished critic, has touched with more honest reverence and loving tenderness the relations of friendship, of marriage, of parent and child. Whittier, in brief, is truly, in Sidney's sense, a homilist.

Despite his advanced years—he is two years older than Tennyson and twelve years the senior of Walt Whitman—he is still sturdy and active, the liveliest man of his generation, and the most charming personality in the world of letters. His mental powers are as keen and acute as ever,

thousand dollars for a short Christmas poem. "I am now at the age of eighty-four and have outlived the vanities and ambitions of youth," he said recently. "The death of my old friends—Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Field, Whipple, Bayard Taylor, and others—leaves me lonely, though Holmes still lives, a year or two younger than myself, in good health and spirits. My writing days are over," he added. "Perhaps I have written too much. Sometimes I think I have. But everybody has been very kind and has given me more credit than I deserved. But I will reward their kindness by not adding to their burdens. I suppose I could write if I tried, but my hand is not as steady as it once was, neither are my eyes as strong as they were before I had the grip. I never could bring myself to use these new-fangled writing machines. An old-fashioned pen has always been my assistant in whatever work I have done. I have never tried dictating, but I am sure I should not make a success of it. The pen forms a subtle connecting link between the brain and the paper, and affords a continuity of thought which can be found in no other way. No, a typewriter would be of no assistance to me, so I have stepped aside to make way for others." But let us hope that the poet has underestimated the number of years in which he may continue to grace and gladden the literature of his country.

M. CROFTON.

EGO AND ECHO.

I ASKED of Echo, "Other day,
Whose words are few and often funny,
What to a question she should say
Of courtship, love and matrimony,
Quoth Echo, plainly, "Matter o' money."

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel gay and pert,
A pattern of consistency,
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply, "Nary flirt."

What if, a-weary of the strife
That long has lured the gay deceiver,
She promised to amend her life
And sin no more—can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision, "Leave her."

But if some maiden with a heart
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly, "Go it."

But what, if seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vows she means to die a maid,
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, very coolly, "Let her."

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly, "Get out."

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious dem'ls shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (softly cooing), "Take her."

THE RURAL BUNCO-STEERER.



HE bunco-steerer that infests the city street and hotel lobby is really not the nimble artist that he is painted. He is certainly adroit in his manipulation of the guileless creature popularly known as the hayseed. But this adroitness is based largely, if not entirely, upon physical courage and impudence. It is talent, and talent in a very high degree, but it is not genius, nor has it a spark of the divine fire of genius in it. To approach a man, and depend entirely upon one's efforts to surprise and confuse him with the intention of making him a victim before he can regain his senses, may receive the distinction of being called art by a lenient critic; but it is not art of a very high order when the most is said of it. If the city bunco-steerer is ambitious, and would raise his standard by investing his calling with an element of glory, he would do well to take wings unto himself, and fly to the suburbs where his professional brother battens and fattens on his fellow-man in such a gracefully subtle manner that the victim never appreciates the real extent of his loss, nor can he give an intelligible idea of just what has happened to him. The rural bunco-steerer calls himself by a different name—a name that gives him greater dignity and importance; he is a promoter.

He doesn't secure a victim in the primitive manner employed by his urban brother, namely, by accosting him on the street, and pretending to be an old schoolmate. The rural bunco-steerer would look upon such a method of operation as a confession of poverty, as regards invention, and would smile contemptuously, for he is a man with a mind, and a carefully trained mind, at that. He can talk with rare intelligence and freedom upon almost any subject. When he meets a man whom he knows but slightly, on the morning train, which is his real place of business—his office being but a headquarters maintained for prestige, and to impress people favorably—he opens the conversation on the subject that he knows is nearest and dearest to that person's heart.

If he is talking to a poet, he discusses Tennyson, and his influence on the verse of to-day; he alludes admiringly to Swinburne's wonderful technique and manipulation of words, and speaks of his chances against Morris for the next laureateship. He gives his opinion freely of the value of the redundant short syllable, and discusses the outlook, and wonders who the poets are that will fill the places of the great singers about to lay down the harp forever. This kind of talk is a great surprise to the poet, who had, up to this time, regarded the bunco-steerer (not knowing his real walk in life), as a plain, everyday banker, too full of the cares and responsibilities of business to find time to improve his mind in the few hours of his leisure. If the rural bunco-steerer meets a tree agent, he talks to him of the beauties of arboriculture. He knows the trees that grow erect, and those that spread; he speaks of the beauty of the Norway maple, and deplores the slowness of its growth; he admires the rapidity of the growth of the Lombardy poplar, and regrets that it is of soft wood and short life; he goes into ecstasies over the apple tree, while he quotes the fact that it was considered the most beautiful and picturesque tree of trees by the Greeks.

The tree agent is astonished at the bunco-steerer's knowledge, and regards him as a lamp for men's feet. But his surprise is not greater than that of the architect. When the architect meets the bunco-steerer on the train, and fate throws them into the same seat, the architect expects to be regaled with a symphony on stocks or the financial crisis in Egypt. But, to his great astonishment, the bunco-steerer wins his admiration by a few pleasant remarks on the artistic beauties of the suburban house beautiful. He speaks with rare knowledge and discrimination on the quaint conceits displayed in the Queen Anne and Dutch

house, and shows that he knows the value of ginger-bread effects over severe simplicity in the house that is builded to be rented to a man after it has won the eye and heart of his wife. He knows that a square house is the cheapest to build, and is not ignorant of the expense attendant upon bay-windows and octagonal towers. It is a great joy to the architect to learn that the bunco-steerer, whom he always considered a banker, to be possessed of an artistic soul. The bunco-steerer invites the architect around to his baronial hall, known as Cotswold, or by some other high-sounding title, and dines him in great style. After dinner, while smoking a fine cigar in the library, the architect is inveigled into putting some money into a scheme for making Italian marble out of it to erect the plainest kind of tombstone over his mother-in-law. It will thus be seen that the rural bunco-steerer is the intellectual master of his urban brother. He impresses himself upon the poet as a student of poetry, without exposing the fact that he knows the latest wrinkle in the art of "beating" a grocer without antagonizing him. He knows the poet will quote him as a man of refinement and culture, and probably be the means of directing victims to his net. For he depends on his knowledge to charm men, and it is not saying too much to state that he can tell you how to brace yourself on a horse before taking a gate, as correctly as he can inform of the best kind of fertilizer to use on orchids. He understands mushroom culture, and is an expert in the mysteries of rare old books. He can play chess, and is a good judge of horseflesh. He knows everything that is worth knowing, and only his victims know what he really is, though they can't prove it. He is a smiling, affable creature, who can give you all the information you want on the subject of international law, and also upon the latest improvements on the Delsarte system of pocket-picking, and the only man who ever gets the better of him is the man who drinks his wine and smokes his cigars, and then refuses to put money into a scheme for making eye-water of August snow, or to perfect a feather-duster on which the feathers will grow perpetually, as on a turkey or a goose.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT WILL GO THROUGH THE MAIL.



CHRISTMAS cards and booklets will always be in fashion because they can so easily be intrusted to the postman's care; and despite the fact that every one knows that after a few months they are put away in boxes, or sent to the pickaninnies and heathen, they are still used, because nothing else seems so easy to send as a greeting to far-away friends.

But there are numerous little gifts which may be slipped into a letter with a piece of stiff bristol board, or tied in a flat package, that cost but little more than a booklet, and yet show the individuality of thought that we would give to some friends.

Among the simplest are book-marks. A unique one is made of the corner of a heavy white envelope painted with a design of leaves or flowers, which can be slipped over the corner of a page.

Another is made of three narrow ribbons of half-inch width and from seven to eight inches long. These are sewed together with a spangle or fancy stitch at one end, and fringed at the other end, and decorated with the words—

"Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest:"

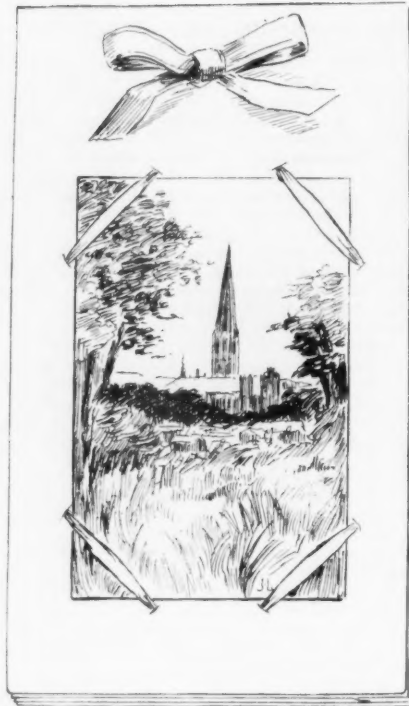
or that wise saying of Lord Bacon's—

"Reading maketh a full man,
Conference a ready man,
And writing an exact man."

One of the prettiest card-cases that ever matched a walking costume was of home manufacture, and came through the mail. Its foundation was two pieces of cardboard four and one-half by three inches, fastened together with a narrow strip of linen like a book-cover. It was covered on the outside with a piece of heavy brocade silk in dove-gray, and lined with a pale, rose-colored silk. Both the brocade and silk were cut two inches wider than the foundation at each side, and, after being very carefully basted together with the edges turned in, this surplus was turned over like a broad hem, making a simple pocket like those in a gentleman's wallet on each side. The stitches with which the silk and brocade were overhanded together were almost invisible.

For a friend's desk, whether the friend be a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, one can find many articles that will go through the mails. A diary, or an address-book, or a neat little Russia leather note-book, would form a welcome substitute for a booklet.

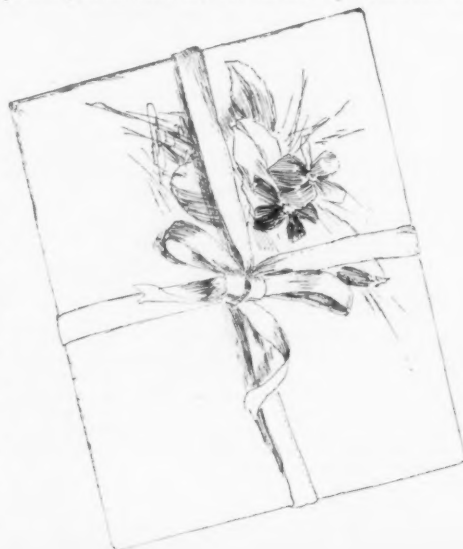
Blotters are always needed—not elaborate ones, with hand-painted blossoms adorning the cover, but simple, use-



ful ones. Three or four sheets of soft-colored blotting-paper of pale gray, or buff, or white, tied with a flat bow, may be ornamented with three small, square Christmas cards arranged diagonally with their corners overlapping, or with a sepia etching fastened on by narrow ribbons across the corners.



A postal-card case is made of heavy brown linen, or celluloid, or tinted cardboard. Two pieces are cut an inch longer and wider than a postal-card; then, with a ticket-puncher, round holes are cut all the way around half an



inch from the edge, and the pieces bound together with narrow ribbon or silk cord on three sides, and whipped over the top. A loop to hang it up by finishes one corner, and a ribbon attaching a small pencil, the other. The linen may be embroidered or painted with a simple design and the word "Postals," before the case is made up.

A dainty article that would receive a contemptuous sniff from a man, but an appreciative one from a girl friend, is a sachet for note-paper. An envelope of heavy paper is painted on the outside with a flower design, then filled with three sheets of wadding plentifully sprinkled with violet or orris powder, and tied with narrow ribbon.



A sleeve-holder is made of a yard of plain, heavy ribbon an inch wide, and finished with a crocheted ring at each end. The ribbon may be embroidered or painted; but it serves its purpose as well plain. To use it, one ring is slipped over the thumb and the ribbon bandaged around the sleeve with its chiffon or lace, and the other ring held by the thumb. A jacket may then be easily slipped over a refractory sleeve.



A housekeeper receives gladly every bit of embroidered linen that comes to her, whether it be a center piece for the table or a doily just large enough to lie under a glass of water on a salver.

The accompanying design may be enlarged and worked in outline stitch on a simple linen doily made of a piece of linen nine inches square, and either hand-stitched or fringed, and which, if embroidered in a white or a wash silk, will be pretty but

"Not too good
For human nature's daily food."



A cover for a flower-pot seven inches high may be made of half a yard of plain China silk in moss-green, old gold or any soft color. It is divided and sewed together to make a circular flounce nine inches deep. An inch hem, including a casing for a silk cord and tassel, is made at the top, and a small hem for elastic at the bottom.

HELENA DEWEY LEEMING.

HOW CONGRESS WAS OPENED.

By GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

(Concluded.)

AT just noon of December 7th, the clerk of the House, Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania, climbed the steps leading to the Speaker's desk, and, tapping with the gavel, called the House to order. This is no new position for him. He did the same for the Thirty-ninth Congress and the five Congresses that immediately followed it, and for the Forty-eighth. He is a small man with bushy red whiskers and dark hair, which used to be thick, but which of late years has grown very thin on top. He is a man of business-like bearing, and his manner usually suggests that he is in a hurry. His predecessor, General John B. Clark, of Missouri, was much more deliberate in style.

When Clerk McPherson has brought the House into something resembling order, by pounding the Speaker's desk with his gavel, he begins to call the roll of the Congress by States. The credentials of the members have been filed with him, and from them he has made up a list of members of the House for the Fifty-second Congress, which is the official roll of membership until the House has decided the claims of contestants and perhaps unseated a few members. The list is headed by the name of the member-elect from the first Alabama district. When the roll has been called, the clerk announces that there is a quorum present, and a member moves to proceed to the election of a Speaker. The clerk appoints four tellers, chosen from the political parties represented in the membership of the House, candidates are placed in nomination by the different parties, and the roll is called by States for the vote. Ex-Speaker Reed, according to almost invariable custom, is the nominee of the Republican members of the House, this honor being conferred on him in recognition of his services as Speaker during the last Congress. The vote as made up by the tellers is announced by the clerk, who appoints a committee (usually made up of defeated candidates belonging to different parties) to escort the new Speaker to the chair. As is usual, the Speaker in taking the chair makes a brief address. At the conclusion of this address, the oldest member in continuous service—Representative Charles O'Neill, of Pennsylvania—comes forward to administer the oath. It seems strange to the older members and the old employees of the House not to see the tall, gaunt figure of Judge Kelley come forward to administer the oath to the new Speaker. It has been long since any one else performed that office.

When the Speaker has been sworn in, he directs that the roll be called again by States, and, as the call proceeds, the members approach the Speaker's desk in groups, and, holding up their right hands, take the oath of office.

The election of the officers of the House is completed very quickly. There is no roll-call. The names of the officers have been agreed upon in caucus. Some member offers a resolution naming the officers chosen by the Democratic caucus. Another member offers as a substitute the names of the officers selected in the Republican caucus. They are the officers of the last House. This little compliment is paid to them in recognition of their services. A *viva voce* vote is taken, and the Speaker declares that the original resolution has been adopted. The whole proceeding does not consume more than three minutes, usually. In the last Congress there was an unusual proceeding. When the names of the officers were presented to the House, some of the Republicans bolted the caucus action on the chaplaincy and voted with the Democrats for the election of Mr. Milburn, the blind minister, who had been the chaplain of the Democratic House preceding. Mr. Milburn was re-elected.

After the election of officers of the House, the delegates from the territories are sworn in. Then comes one of the most amusing features of the first day's proceedings—the lottery for seats. Its outcome affects very seriously the future of the member whose reputation is still to be made. The value of a "good seat"—one where the Speaker's eye often rests—is something to which every old member will bear witness. A man might almost as well be sitting in the corridors of the House as occupying one of the seats on the extreme left or right near the back of the House. Even if he should succeed by arrangement with the Speaker in gaining recognition while some great measure is under discussion, he would not be able to hold the attention of the House, unless he was a man of wonderful oratorical ability, because the House would not be able to hear him.

In the Senate all seats are reserved permanently. One of them becomes vacant only when its possessor dies, leaves the Senate or gives it up to take some other seat which pleases him more. All of the members of the Senate who return occupy the desks which they left last March. In the House, under the rules, no seats are reserved, and the choice of seats is decided at the beginning of each Congress by lot. For many years it was the custom to reserve the seat occupied by Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania. This was done by unanimous consent. At the beginning of the last Congress, a Democrat objected to the proposition to reserve this seat; but, after a storm of jeers and hisses, some one took Judge Kelley's hat and placed it on the desk which had been his; and when the Judge's name was called, although the seats all about had been chosen, the one which he had occupied for so many years was waiting for him.

This lottery of seats is provided for in a rule of the House which says that "The clerk shall place in a box, prepared for that purpose, a number of small balls of marble or other material equal to the number of members

and delegates, which balls shall be consecutively numbered and thoroughly intermingled, and at such hour as shall be fixed by the House for that purpose, by the hands of a page, draw said balls one by one from the box and announce the number as it is drawn." One of the clerk's assistants holds an alphabetical, numbered list of the members and delegates, and each member, as his number is called, has the privilege of selecting any vacant seat; but it is usual to divide the House into Democratic and Republican "sides," and for the members to flock according to their political affiliations.

The selection of seats is the liveliest scene of the opening day. Under the rules, all of the seats are vacated and the members retire to the cloak-rooms and the open spaces just in front of them, waiting anxiously for the names to be called. The names of the older and the distinguished members are greeted with applause. As each name is called out, its owner, if he is present, goes down one of the aisles and picks out the seat he wishes to occupy. His search for an available location is accompanied very often by volleys of advice and comment from the group of less fortunate members outside the rails. When he has selected his seat he must occupy it until the lottery is completed. If he leaves it for a minute, he forfeits his claim to it. There are some exchanges made. Sometimes a new member consents to give up his seat and chooses one less desirable, so as to make room for a prominent member of his party whose favor he hopes to cultivate. But the rule of "every man for himself," applies very generally.

As the lottery continues and the seats gradually fill up, the hopeful faces, that peered over the railings at the beginning of the drawing, begin to lengthen, and anxiety increases as the desirable locations narrow down. But while there may be disappointment, there can be no ill-feeling, for new and old members are treated just alike.

One of the ceremonies of the first day is the appointment of a committee to notify the Senate that the House is ready to proceed to business.

Then a joint committee of the two Houses is appointed to call on the President and notify him that Congress is in session. Sometimes this committee reports that the President will be ready to communicate with Congress in a short time; and, in a little while, Mr. Pruden, of the Executive Mansion, appears in the aisle of the House and delivers the message of the President, which is then read by the clerk, at length. But more often the committee reports that the President has no communication to make, and the annual message is not delivered until the following day.

The Senate has very little to do on the opening day of Congress but to wait for the House and for the President. It has no reorganization of officers to make this year, because its political complexion has not been changed. It has to elect a president *pro tempore* for the session—a successor to Mr. Ingalls, who was the first Senator to be made the permanent president *pro tempore* under the rule of the Senate establishing that office. There is a general greeting among officers and members, and the session drags along until the message of the House is received and the joint committee to wait on the President has reported, when the Senate adjourns.

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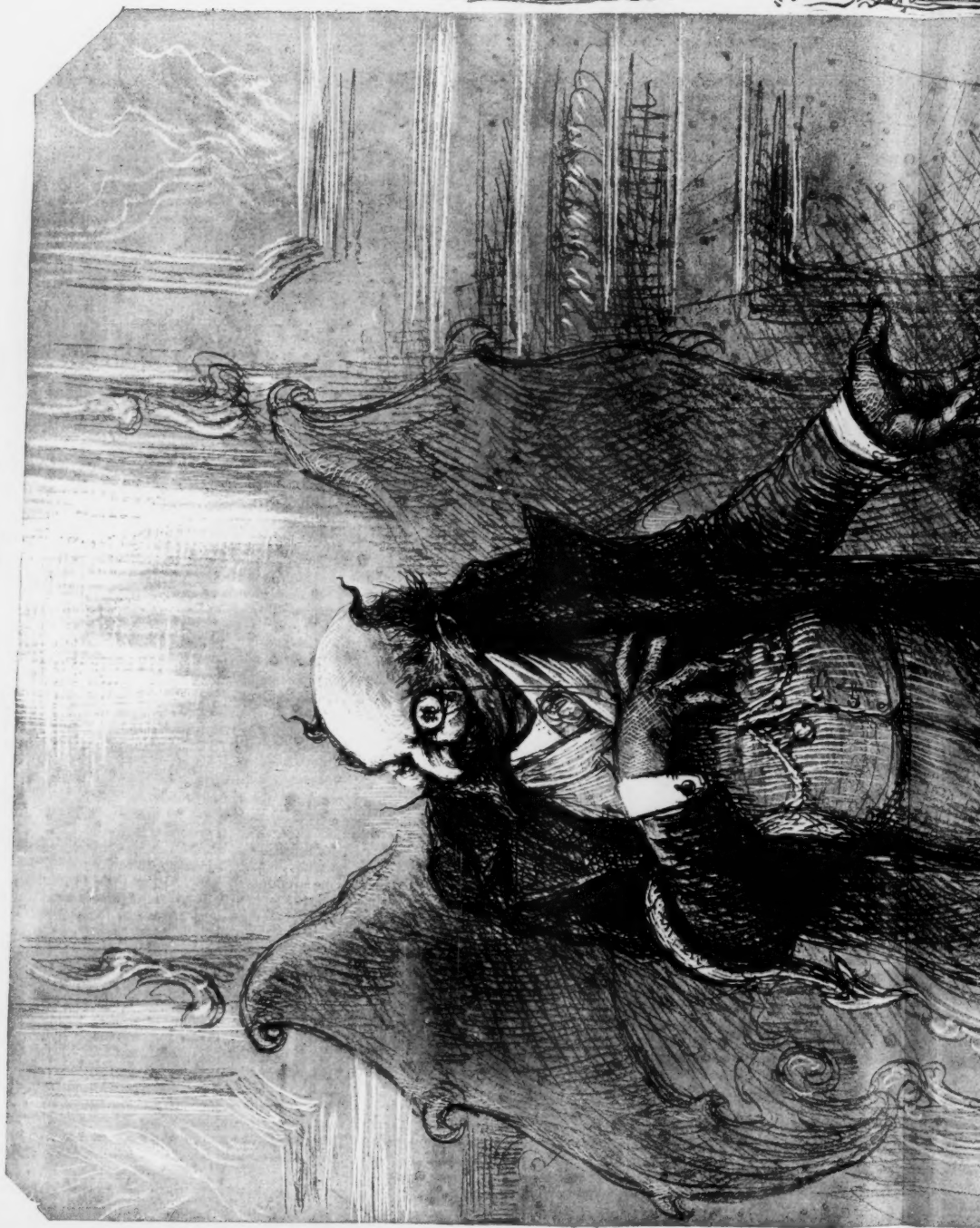
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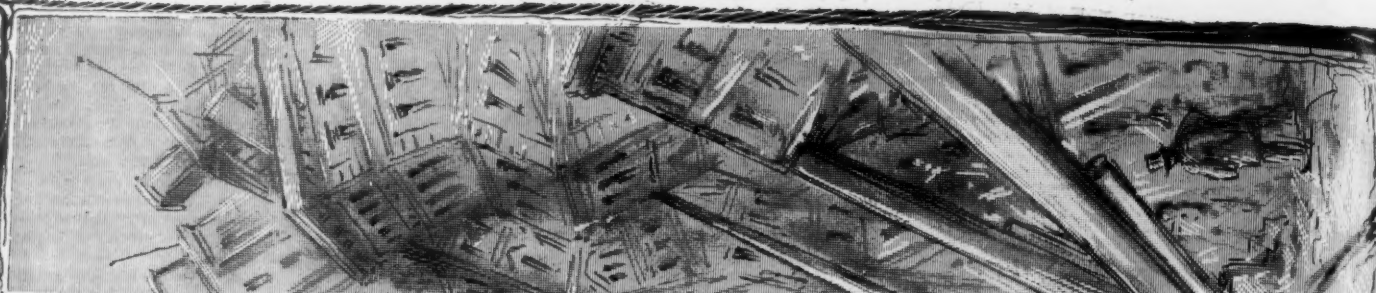


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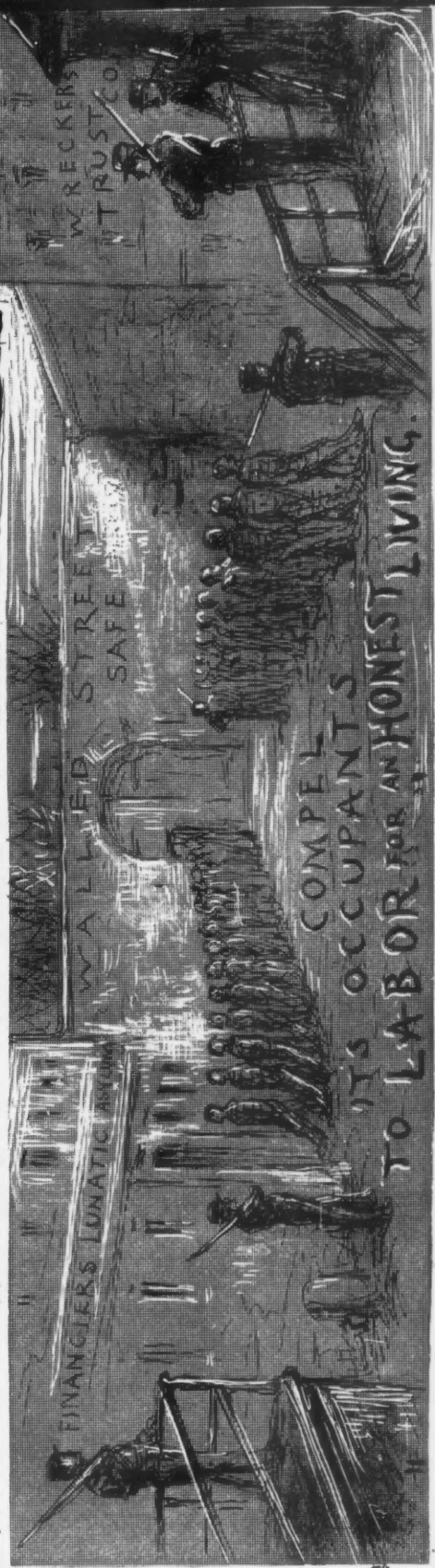
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BY ARTHUR W. À BECKETT,

Author of "Fallen Among Thieves," "The Ghost of Greystone Grange," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)



then he looked boldly in my eyes. I felt that his will was as strong as my own. I knew that my influence over him would avail me nothing. As this thought passed through my mind, the scoundrel smiled. He seemed to have read my face like a book; he understood me.

Having served his purpose, the brute was hustled away, and the trial proceeded. But what a trial! It was a burlesque of justice. The two advocates said their say; he for the prosecution urged all that he could to cause prejudice against Ainsworth, even going so far as to hint that the English and the battle of Waterloo were somehow accountable for the alleged crime; he for the defense calling attention to the prisoner's youth and good looks. Then the senior judge had his say. He proceeded to deliver a lecture upon the sin of gambling and the terrors of assassination. He pointed out that the murder must have been committed by Ainsworth, as no one else could have been guilty. If the prisoner was innocent, why did he not reveal where he was on the night of the tragedy? He called attention to the evidence of Naudin, which he described as conclusive. He had sworn that Ainsworth was with the deceased and the man who had escaped when they had left the gambling-house. He abused the advocate for the defense as if he had some personal grudge against him, and turned into ridicule all his lofty flights of imagination. The only argument which he appeared to admit might be used as a valid reason for an acquittal was the plea raised on behalf of Ainsworth, that he, too, was a son—that he, too, had a mother!

"But," said the judge, "what sort of a son is he? What kind of a woman could have been his mother? He is English, and in England the noblest feelings of the human heart are unknown. His mother was English, and a daughter of perfidious Albion!"

This last point seemed to settle the matter. Even the jury indignantly murmured, and showed impatience to deliver their verdict. I did not wait for more, but left the court.

"Well, it's all over," said Mr. Armstrong, joining me in the corridor. "The prisoner is condemned, and without extenuating circumstances. I think Mr. Ainsworth's counsel should have done more. That scoundrel, Naudin, knows the secret. One of our Central Criminal Court practitioners would have wormed the truth out of him, even had he to get it from him from the grave! Why, doctor, how strange you look. Why did you start at my words?"

"Because," I returned, "I have still hope. If he really knows the truth, I will get it from him, even if I have to worm the secret from him, as you say, from the grave!"

An idea had occurred to me for saving Alec's life!

CHAPTER V.

IN THE PRISON.

"WELL," said Naudin surlily as I entered his cell, "what do you want with me?"

"The doctor has permission to question you," replied the official, answering for me. "He is a wonderful Englishman, and you had better be civil."

"Curse the English!" cried the brute, using a terrible imprecation unapproachable in its blasphemy.

I sat down quietly on the edge of a plank bed, and looked the man full in the face.

"Why do you hate the English?"

"What's that to you?"

"Much; because I feel that it was this hatred to the English that made you give false testimony about my friend."

"Be it so," he answered defiantly.

"What does it all matter now? All the world knows that an Englishman ran away with the woman that was to have been my wife."

"And a good thing, too, my brave boy," said the prison official. "If he hadn't, you know, sooner or later you would have murdered her."

"Ah! you know that I could murder old pig! You know that I was good with a knife! That I could squeeze the throat tightly—eh, old comrade!"

The wretched creature laughed a harsh laugh. Then he turned upon me:

"But what right have you here? Cannot a gentleman spend the last hours he has on earth without being troubled by an undertaker's medical partner!"

He looked around for applause to the prison official, who smiled at the grim jest.

"I suppose you do not believe in God or devil?" I asked, in the faint hope that possibly he might have, somewhere in the depth of his black soul, a thread of religious feeling.

"Oh, yes, I believe in the devil—a good friend of mine. He has helped me in many a fine scheme."

"Well, he has deserted you now," I replied. "Don't you think you might as well do a good deed before you die? It might assist you in 'extenuating circumstances' hereafter."

"There isn't a hereafter," cried the ruffian. "And as for 'extenuating circumstances,' I want them on earth, not in heaven."

He did not say heaven; but as he believed in no future state, I put as down heaven as well as anywhere else.

"And there is nothing I can do to buy your good-will? I can serve no friend of yours? Is there no one I can befriend on your behalf in payment of your help?"

"Why, I haven't a friend on the earth! and the only service you could do me would be to knife the pal who rounded on me. But you won't do that—first, because you would be afraid to soil your fine kid gloves with blood; and secondly, because you don't care for Madame Guillotine. Besides, no doubt you have conscientious scruples! All you English have. The hound that stole away the woman that was to be my wife had conscientious scruples! No doubt—sometimes!"

In spite of his bravado, there was such bitterness in his words that I could not help pitying him. He seemed to read my thoughts.

"I don't want any of your sniveling sympathy. If you are really sorry for me, let me die in peace. Stay! you can do me a favor: you are a doctor, and can give me something to brace my nerves. Not that I want it at this moment, but I get down at three in the morning. You see, it is the waiting. They won't tell me when I am to be shaved; so when three strikes, I can't help listening for the footsteps of the shaver and the priest and the rest of them! Then the hour passes, and I know I have another day to live. Not that I care for the day; but it tries your nerves to be always waiting, you know—always waiting, always waiting!"

For the moment I did not gather his meaning, and then the prison official reminded me that in France the condemned never know the day fixed for their execution.

"It's no use asking the doctor," said the jailer. "It's against the rules, my brave boy, and you can't have it."

"Well, then, be off with you! Curse you, why have you come here?"

"Because you shall tell me the truth! Do you hear, you shall tell me the truth!"

And I stared into the man's eyes and exerted all the power of my will—again with no effect.

"Ho, ho," laughed the ruffian; "that's your game, is it? Well, to be rid of you, you shall know the truth, and much good may it do you."

I listened eagerly. But the jailer interposed:

"Don't rely on him, Monsieur. This is a sly old fox. He is as likely to tell you lies as anything else. Don't rely on him."

"Why not?" asked the convict. "Why should I not believe this gentleman from anxiety? Why, they think well of me over yonder! They are actually shaving a man on my testimony. Isn't that a certificate of my truthfulness—isn't that a proof that I can be trusted?"

And the fellow laughed once more.

"You there," he cried, turning savagely on me, "you shall know all. Not that I want to help you. No; it will be bitterness to you to hear the truth! Open your ears and listen."

And he cleared his throat and threw himself on the plank bed.

"Imagine me escaping. I had got away from the cursed prison. I and my pal had been hunted like rats. We had lived in the mud of the Seine for three days and three nights, only daring to emerge when it was pitch dark and we could not be seen. How did we live? Why, by theft. We took it by turns to steal the bread that kept body and soul together, and the water of the river was our wine. It was a bad time for us: it is cold when the tide comes up, and you have to crouch by the bars of a sewer. Ah! I am not sure it isn't better here, even with the shaver in attendance."

The wretch paused for a moment and shuddered.

"Well, it was the third night of our escape, and my pal and I determined to see if we couldn't annex a little wine. We felt that it would warm us if we could only pour down our throats a bottle of brandy. I was mad for it, so was he. And we went towards the Rue du Bach before the break of day. When we got there we arranged our plans. There was a little abutment close by, which had been kept open all night, and the man at the counter was dozing. There were lots of bottles, and one which particularly attracted us—a bottle of cognac. If we could only enter the shop without attracting the attention of the dozing man, we might get a bottle. And if we woke him, there was a knife handy on the counter; and both my pal and I knew how to handle a knife to the best advantage. So the plan seemed good enough. The only question was, who should go in, who should remain. There was not enough work in the job for two. We threw up my hat—brim downwards, my pal; brim upwards, myself. My pal had to do the job. I was sorry for this: for I felt that if he got the brandy, I should have to fight him for my share. Not that I minded that much—only, you see, the odds would be in his favor, as he would be armed with a knife! And what worried me more was, that he was so cursed polite. I didn't like the look of him. However, he had fairly won the toss, and I let him go. He walked up to the shop, and then turned a corner and bolted for his life! It was then I knew

that the hound had betrayed me! It was then that I understood his cursed politeness, and his offers to go ashore when we were hiding in the river, sometimes resting on a chain that moored a floating wash-house, laid up for the winter, to the quay. Curse him! A thousand times curse him!"

Naudin got up and struck his clenched fist with all his force against the stone wall.

"Come, my brave boy," said the jailer roughly, "we can't allow anything of that. Who's to wash up your blood on the floor or the wall? Respect the national property!"

"I knew I shouldn't have many minutes' grace," continued the convict, disregarding the interruption. "I felt that the hound had laid his plans. I remembered that it was he who suggested the visit to the wine shop; that it was he who had led me to the Rue du Bach. I knew the hound had surrounded me with police; that I was like a rat in a hole, and could not escape. I fancied I heard the footsteps of the cursed sergeants de ville as I stood shivering in the bitter wind. Well, I had escaped from prison; I had fled from the galleys; I was still free: there was a chance yet. So I looked about to see if I could hide. I was outside a café, which I knew was used as a gambling-house. Perhaps I might scale the wall, and get into one of the upper rooms. There was a stackpile reaching to the ground from the first floor. It was very uncertain footing; but after a week's starvation I was not very heavy, and I thought it might bear me. I climbed up hand over hand, until I got flush with the first-floor window. There was a coping to the window below, about two inches deep; it was enough for me to get a foothold. I held on to the shutters of the window above, and there I was safe and pretty comfortable."

"Ah! it was a pity you did not remain there, my brave boy," put in the jailer.

"I did remain there some time—long enough to look through the window and see what was going on in the room within. It was a *chambre à coucher*, with a chair and table and two looking-glasses."

"Yes," I cried eagerly.

"There were two men in this room, and my eyes glistened as I saw the pile of gold on the table. In spite of the odds, I tried to enter, but could not get in, for the window was bolted. And what could I do against two men without a knife? And one of those men had a knife, for I saw it in his hand."

"Well?"

"Looking through the window, I saw that one of the men was half drunk. He staggered about, and did not seem to know what he was doing. Then the other began to collect the gold that was on the table, and tied it up in a handkerchief. He put it in his pocket. The drunken man staggered up and tried to get it, and then turned upon the other and said something. Then they both got angry, and began to wrestle with one another. They tumbled about, coming close to the window through which I was looking. The sober man tried to open it, and I crept back, waiting to spring upon him when the opportunity offered. But the opportunity never did offer. Struggling, they staggered about until they fell in a heap near the other window. Then I heard the window open, and the drunken man was thrown out, and fell with a heavy thud upon the ground beneath. In a moment the sober man had climbed down, and was upon him. He took the knife, drove it straight through his body, and disappeared with the gold in the darkness."

"And what was he like?"

"An oldish man, with white hair and moustache and gray whiskers."

"It must have been Major Merton!" I exclaimed.

"Very likely. But I hadn't to wait long. I myself dropped to the ground—in a few minutes the police were on the spot and I was discovered."

"But about Ainsworth? Where was Ainsworth?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the ruffian with a laugh. "Ainsworth came up just before the man fell, caught the knife from the other, and stabbed him. Then he ran away, too!"

"Liar!" I exclaimed. "Then you have sworn away my friend's life."

"You do not mean to say that you believe him?" said the jailer. "No one but our Government would kill a cat on his testimony!"

I was puzzled; evidently the man had told me a part of the truth. His description of the room and the characteristics of the Major proved to me that it was not all imagination.

"But what became of the paper that Dormer had been writing?"

"The paper that Dormer had been writing!" he repeated, slowly. "What do you know of the paper that Dormer had been writing?"

"Don't listen to his nonsense," again put in the jailer. "I tell you, Monsieur, that no one but the Government would believe a word this fellow says."

"Oh! that is your opinion," cried the ruffian. "Thank you! Then I will say no more."

"I do not wish you to say more," I exclaimed. "But listen to me, Jules Naudin. As sure as there is a heaven above us, you shall tell me all."

"You will force me?"

"By my life, you shall never hear my voice again."

"I know this fellow," said the jailer. "It is useless to attempt to make him speak; he will not. I could have told you more. He was found some distance from the body by the police, and you have heard his evidence in the court. He has sworn that the condemned Ainsworth committed the crime. That may be or may not be the case; but his story about the scene in the room is foolishness. The man is a born liar; you will get nothing further from him. And, pardon me, it is time that you should retire."

"I am willing to go," I said, approaching the door. Then I turned to Naudin. "You have heard what I have said, wretch. I am a man of my word, and I swear before Heaven that, dead or alive, you shall tell me all."

The convict paid no attention to me; but, raising his arms above his head, closed his eyes and seemed to fall asleep.

When I left the cell, I asked a favor. "I am a medical man, as you know. Before I leave I should like to pay my respects to the doctor of the prison."

"Why, certainly, Monsieur," replied the warder, who was now conducting me. "Doctor Simon will be charmed to see you."

And I was conducted to the surgeon's apartments. I was pleased to find that he knew my name, and accepted me as a *confrère* for whom he entertained respect. Years before I had published a work on a psychological subject, which had been honored by being translated into the French language. He had either read this book or picked up some of its contents. He received me as a distinguished doctor, who had made the brain and neurology his specialty.

"And what can I do for you, my good friend?" he asked, after a little general conversation.

I told him the story of Alec Ainsworth as I have written it here. He listened attentively; and, when I had finished my narrative, observed, rather dryly, that he was afraid he could do very little to assist me.

"The prisoners have not much to do with me," he said. "If they are ill, I am sent for; but it is chiefly to testify that they are not shamming. However, when the person in whom you take an interest is placed under my care, I will do my best for him."

"It was not so much about Ainsworth I wished to speak," I replied, "as about the convict Naudin."

"The condemned Naudin. Ah, he is a miserable! Surely you can feel no interest in him!"

"On the contrary, I feel a great interest in him—as a doctor."

"As a doctor? I do not understand you. The brute is healthy enough. There is nothing strange about his case, surely?"

"Doctor," I exclaimed, "I want to use this man in the cause of justice."

"Justice!" he responded, with the cynicism of a Frenchman. "I fear I am hardened by my avocations in the prison and have not much sympathy with the cause of justice."

"And also of science."

"Ah! now you do interest me. That is a very different matter."

"Do you remember that many years ago a doctor like ourselves was imprisoned here? Do you remember that he was guillotined?"

"Unhappily, many of our profession have been subject to that fate. But to whom do you particularly allude?"

I repeated the name.

"Ah! now I understand. Certainly. The head of the Faculty attended him before his execution, and was present on the scaffold."

"And you know the reason why?"

"Certainly."

"I wish to repeat the experiment with the assistance of the condemned Naudin. But the brute would never agree. The convict doctor to whom you refer was ready to aid our chief. It was arranged between them. You have a very different subject in Naudin."

"I think he will do as well. I can concentrate his attention on the matter in hand. His will can be dispensed with."

"It is a bold—an original idea," pondered the French doctor.

"And can only be carried to a successful issue with your assistance."

(To be continued.)

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ANATHEMATIZE

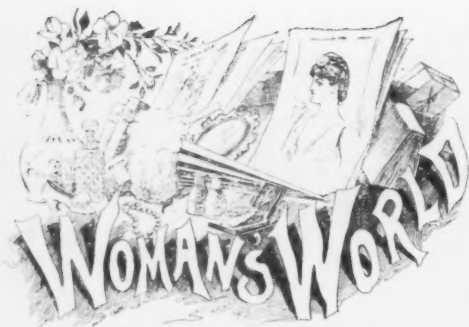
14

ANKLE

offering made and *set up* in a temple: an ecclesiastical curse: any person or thing anathematized. [Gr. *ana*, up, *tithēmi*, to set.]
ANATHEMATIZE, an-a'them-at-iz, *v. t.* to pronounce accursed.
ANATOMIC, -AL, an-a-tom'ik, -al, *adj.* relating to anatomy.
ANATOMIZE, an-a'tom-iz, *v. t.* to dissect a body: (*fig.*) to lay open minutely. [From **ANATOMY**.]
ANATOMIST, an-a'tom-ist, *n.* one skilled in anatomy.
ANATOMY, an-a'tom-i, *n.* the art of dissecting any organized body: science of the structure of the body learned by dissection. [Gr. *ana*, up, *asunder*, *temnō*, to cut.]
ANBURY, an'ber-i, *n.* a disease in turnips, in which the root becomes divided into a number of parts—hence the popular name **FINGERS AND TOES**. [From A.S. *anpre*, a crooked swelling vein.]
ANCESTOR, an'ses-tur, *n.* one from whom a person has descended: a forefather.—*fem.* **ANCESTRESS**.—*adj.* **ANCESTRAL**. [O. Fr. *ancestre*—L. *antecessor*—*ante*, before, *cedo*, cession, to go.]
ANCESTRY, an'ses-tri, *n.* a line of ancestors: lineage.
ANCHOR, angk'ur, *n.* a hooked iron instrument that holds a ship by sticking into the ground: (*fig.*) anything that gives stability or security.—*v. t.* to fix by an anchor: to fasten.—*v. i.* to cast anchor: to stop, or rest on. [Fr. *ancree*—L. *ancora*—Gr. *ankura*, from *ankos*, a bend—root *angk*, bent. Conn. with **ANGLE**.]
ANCHORAGE, angk'ur-aj, *n.* ground for anchoring: duty imposed on ships for anchoring.
ANCHORET, ang'kor-et, **ANCHORITE**, ang'kor-it, *n.* one who has withdrawn from the world: a hermit. [Gr. *anachōrētēs*—*ana*, apart, *chōrēō*, to go.]
ANCHORITISH, ang-kō-rīt'ish, *adj.* of or pertaining to an anchorite, or his mode of life: anchoritic. "Sixty years of religious reverie and anchoritish self-denial."—*De Quincey*.
ANCHORITISM, ang-kō-rīt-izm, *n.* the state of being secluded from the world: the condition of an anchorite.
ANCHORLESS, ang'ker-less, *adj.* being without an anchor: hence, drifting: unstable. "My homeless, anchorless, unsupported mind."—*Charlotte Brontë*.
ANCHOVY, an-chō'vi, *n.* a small fish of the herring kind from which a sauce is made. [Sp. and Port. *anchova*; Fr. *anchois*. Of doubtful ety.]
ANCIENT, an'shent, *adj.* old: belonging to former times.—*n. pl.* **ANCIENTS**, those who lived in remote times: in B., elders.—*adv.* **ANCIENTLY**.—*n.* **ANCIENTNESS**. [Fr. *ancien*—Low L. *antianus*, old—L. *ante*, before, prob. conn. with **AND**. See **ANTIQUÉ**.]
ANCIENT, an'shent, *n. (obs.)* a flag or its bearer: an ensign. [Corr. of Fr. *enseigne*. See **ENSIGN**.]
ANCELLARY, an'sil-ar-i, *adj.* subservient. [L. *ancilla*, a maid-servant.]
ANCORIST, ang-kō-rist, *n.* one withdrawn from the world: a hermit: an anchorite, or anchoress. "A woman lately turned an ancorist."—*Fuller*.
AND, and, *conj.* signifies addition, and is used to connect words and sentences: in M.E. it was used for *if*. [A.S., and in the other Teut. lang.: prob. allied to L. *ante*, Gr. *anti*, over against.]
ANDANTE, an-dan'te, *adj.* going easily: moderately slow: expressive. [It.—*andare*, to go.]
ANDIRON, and'i-urn, *n.* the iron bars which support the ends of the logs in

a wood-fire, or in which a spit turns. [Ety. dub.]
ANECDOTAL, an'ek-dōt'al, **ANECDOTICAL**, an-ek-dōt'i-kal, *adj.*, in the form of an anecdote.
ANECDOTARIAN, an'ek-dō-tā'ri-an, *n.* one who deals in or retails anecdotes: an anecdotist. "Our ordinary anecdotarians make use of libels."—*Roger North*.
ANECDOTE, an'ek-dōt, *n.* an incident of private life: a short story. [Gr., not published—a, *an*, neg., and *ekdotos*, published—*ek*, out, and *didōmi*, to give.]
ANELE, an-ēl, *v. t.* to anoint with oil: to administer extreme unction. [A.S. *onelan*—*on*, on, and *ele*, oil.]
ANEMOMETER, a-nem-on'm-et-er, *n.* an instrument for measuring the force of the wind. [Gr. *anemos*, wind, and *METER*.]
ANEMONE, a-nem-o-ne, *n.* a plant of the crowfoot family. [Said to be from Gr. *anemos*, wind, because some of the species love exposed situations.]
ANEROID, an'e-roid, *adj.* noting a barometer by which the pressure of the air is measured without the use of liquid or quicksilver. [Gr. *a*, neg., *nēros*, wet.]
ANETIC, a-net'ik, *adj.* in med. relieving or assuaging pain: anodyne. [Gr. *anetikos*, relaxing.]
ANEURISM, an'ūr-izm, *n.* a soft tumor, arising from the widening up or dilatation of an artery. [Gr. *aneurisma*—*ana*, up, *eury*, wide.]
ANEW, a-nū', *adv.* afresh: again. [M. E. *of new*—A.S. *of*, *OF*, and *NEW*.]
ANGEL, ān'jel, *n.* a divine messenger: a ministering spirit: an old E. coin—10s., bearing the figure of an angel.—*adjs.* **ANGELIC**, an-jel'ik, **ANGELICAL**.—*adv.* **ANGELICALLY**. [Gr. *angelos*, a messenger.]
ANGELHOOD, ān'jel-hūd, *n.* the state or condition of an angel: the angelic nature or character. *E. B. Browning*.
ANGELOLATRY, ān-jel-of'a-tri, *n.* the worship of angels. [E. *angel*, and Gr. *latreia*, worship.]
ANGER, ang'ger, *n.* a strong passion excited by injury.—*v. t.* to make angry. [Ice, *angr*; allied to **ANGUSH**.]
ANGEVIN, an'jō-vin, *adj.* of or pertaining to *Anjou*, a former province in the north-west of France.
ANGINA, ang'i-na, *n.* applied to diseases in which a sense of tightening or suffocation is a prominent symptom. [L. See **ANGUSH**.]
ANGLE, ang'gl, *n.* a corner: the point where two lines meet: (*geom.*) the inclination of two straight lines which meet, but are not in the same straight line. [Fr.—L. *angulus*: cog. with Gr. *angkylos*: both from root *angk*, *ak*, to bend, seen also in **ANCHOR**, **ANKLE**.]
ANGLE, ang'gl, *n.* a hook or bend: a fishing-rod with line and hook.—*v. t.* to fish with an angle.—*v. t.* to entice: to try to gain by some artifice. [A.S. *angel*, a hook, allied to **ANCHOR**.]
ANGLER, ang'gler, *n.* one who fishes with an angle.—**ANGLING**, ang'gling, *n.* the art or practice of fishing with an angle.
ANGLICAN, ang'glik-an, *adj.*, English. [See **ENGLISH**.]
ANGLICANISM, ang'glik-an-izm, *n.* attachment to English institutions, esp. the English Church: the principles of the English Church.
ANGLICISM, ang'glis-izm, *n.* an English idiom or peculiarity of language.
ANGLICIZE, ang'glis-iz, *v. t.* to express in English idiom.
ANGLO-, ang'glo, *pref.*, English—used in composition: as *Anglo-Saxon*, etc.
ANGLOMANIA, ang'glo-mān'i-a, *n.*, a mania for what is English: an indiscriminate admiration of English institutions.

ANGLO-SAXON, ang'glo-saks'un, *adj.* applied to the earliest form of the English language: the term Old English is now preferred by some.
ANGRY, ang'gri, *adj.* excited with anger: inflamed.—**ANGRILY**, ang'gri-li, *adv.*
ANGUISH, ang'gwish, *n.* excessive pain of body or mind: agony. [Fr. *angoisse*—L. *angustia*, a strait, straitness—*ango*, to press tightly: to strangle. See **ANGER**.]
ANGULAR, ang'gul-ar, *adj.* having an angle or corner: (*fig.*) stiff in manner: the opposite of easy or graceful.—*n.* **ANGULARITY**.
ANIGHTS, a-nits', *adv.*, of nights, at night.
ANILE, an'il, *adj.* old-womanish: imbecile.—**ANILITY**, an-il'i-ti, *n.* [L. *anus*, an old woman.]
ANILINE, an'il-in, *n.* a product of coal-tar, extensively used in dyeing. [*Anil*, an indigo plant, from which also it is made.]
ANIMADVERSION, an-im-ad-ver'shun, *n.* criticism, censure, or reproof.
ANIMADVERT, an-im-ad-vert', *v. i.* to criticise or censure. [L., to turn the mind to—*animus*, the mind, *ad*, to, and *verto*, to turn.]
ANIMAL, an'im-al, *n.* an organized being, having life, sensation, and voluntary motion: it is distinguished from a plant, which is organized and has life, but not sensation or voluntary motion; the name sometimes implies the absence of the higher faculties peculiar to man.—*adj.* of or belonging to animals: sensual. [L. —*anima*, air, life, Gr. *anemos*, wind—*ānēmi*, Sans. *an*, to breathe, to blow.]
ANIMALCULE, an-im-al'kūl, *n.*, a small animal, esp. one that cannot be seen by the naked eye:—*pl.* **ANIMALCULES**, or **ANIMALCULA**. [L. *animalculum*, dim. of *animal*.]
ANIMALISM, an'im-al-izm, *n.* the state of being actuated by animal appetites only: sensuality.
ANIMATE, an'im-āt, *v. t.* to give life to: to enliven or inspirit.—*adj.* living: possessing animal life. [See **ANIMAL**.]
ANIMATE, an'i-māt, *v. i.* to become enlivened or exhilarated: to rouse. "Mr. Arnott, animating at this speech, glided behind her chair."—*Miss Burney*.
ANIMATED, an'im-āt-ed, *adj.* lively: full of spirit.
ANIMATION, an-im-ā'shun, *n.* liveliness: vigor.
ANIMISM, an'im-izm, *n.* theory which regards the belief in spirits, that appear in dreams, etc., as the germ of religious ideas. [L. *anima*, the soul.]
ANIMOSITY, an-im-os'i-ti, *n.* bitter hatred: enmity. [L. *animositas*, fullness of spirit. See **ANIMAL**.]
ANIMUS, an'im-us, *n.* intention: spirit: prejudice against. [L. *animus*, spirit, soul, as dist. from *anima*, the mere life. See **ANIMAL**.]
ANISE, an'is, *n.* aromatic plant, the seeds of which are used in making cordials. [Gr. *anison*.]
ANISOMETRIC, a-nisō-met'rik, *adj.* a term applied to crystals which are developed dissimilarly in the three axial directions. [Gr. *anisos*, unequal, and *metron*, a measure.]
ANISOTROPE, an'i-sō-trōp, **ANISOTROPIC**, an'i-sō-trōp'ik, *adj.* having different properties in different directions: not isotropic: anisotropic.
ANKER, angk'er, *n.* a liquid measure used on the continent, formerly in England, varying from about seven to nine gallons. [Dut.]
ANKLE, angk'l, *n.* the joint between the foot and leg, forming an angle or bend.



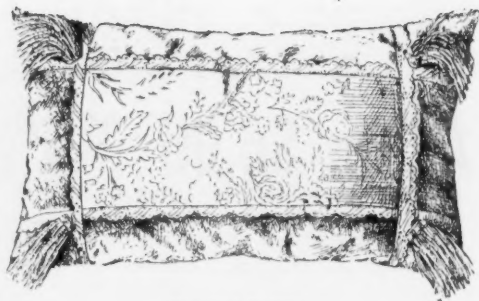
BACK combs are in again, and rise like fortifications from the tangled tresses of the lightly twisted coiffure. They are two or three inches in height now, and promise to attain the stupendous proportions of colonial times before this season is over.

Poplin (which of late years has not met with the favor it merits), it is predicted, is soon to have a great run of popularity. Samples are shown having the prevailing ombre effect, accomplished in the weaving by having the warp and the woof of different colors.

Some of the prettiest of the new boas are of turkey feathers, the white being especially pleasing. They are a trifle fluffier than coque feathers. A handsome collarette is made by an ingenious arrangement of tiny ostrich tips. Collarettes of this style are preferable to those of coque plumage, as the ostrich feather has an assured standing in the fashion world which cannot be affected by use, however promiscuous, or even by low prices.

Fraulein Emilie Romer, who rushed into a burning building and saved the lives of two German children, has been publicly congratulated by Emperor William. The brave girl was severely burned, but is rapidly recovering.

Several English medical journals have recently called attention to a fact, sustained by common observation, that the young women of the present day are better developed, physically, taller, plumper, stronger and healthier than the young women of fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago.



Elongated Cushion.

Seventy women have licenses for selling beer and liquor in New York City.

A favorite combination of coloring in Parisian millinery is pale yellow, mauve and a light shade of green.



THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

WALKING TOILETTE.—This charming walking toilette is made in the long-coated style, so popular just now. It is shaped with a corselet, which is pointed at the bust and below the waist. A high collar, with fur tails at the edge, and cuffs decorated in the same manner; two large buttons at the back and three on the hips, and a wadded band, braided with fur tails laid on diagonally, complete the trimmings. It has a train of the usual dimensions, which can be looped up on walking.

RECEPTION WRAP.—This reception wrap is made in the Queen of Arts style, with the very full Bishop sleeves, high collar edged with black feather tips. The fronts are loose, with facings of velvet covered with jets; the sleeves are also faced with velvet, and braided with beads to match. The back is tight fitting with full Watteau back.—REDPERS.

"Sobbing corsets" are a French addition to a mourning outfit. With his knowledge of the niceties of his profession, the French dressmaker understands that when a woman sobs unrestrainedly, her frame undergoes certain physical convulsions that might be detrimental to her toilet if stiff, unyielding stays were her support. To permit, therefore, madame's grief to expend itself naturally, and still protect her costume from any danger resulting therefrom, these stays are provided. A triangle of elastic is set in at each side, which "gives" with every violent outburst of grief, and no harm is done.

More flounces in the near future, say the modistes.

A Swiss woman has just invented a watch for the blind, on the dial of which the hours are indicated by twelve projecting pegs, one of which sinks every hour.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender recently received about seven thousand votes for the office of Supreme Judge of Nebraska.

The French milliners use little fancy pins in place of stitches wherever possible. The trimming on some of the new hats is entirely put on with pins.

London spinsters are about to establish a club for ladies only. The premises rented are in a narrow street exactly opposite the Bachelors' Club. The "Swags" and "Baches" will probably be bitter opponents for awhile, but in the end the "Baches" will probably surrender.

A woman in Manchester, N. H., earns her living in a blacksmith's shop. She works from morning till night, and can do everything but shoe a horse.

Old lace parasol-covers are being unearthed and mounted as lamp-shades.



Trinket Box.

Two rather uncommon dinner-gowns just made in London are thus described: One is of very strange design, made entirely of rose-pink Parisian gauze, tied round the waist with a wide scarf of silk, in a deeper shade of pink. The other, of rich, poppy-red Lyons velvet. The front of the skirt is covered with a very long jet fringe, falling from the waist to the feet. Round the hem of the skirt in front there is a large, treble ruche of silk.

Short mantles, reaching to the knees, of cloth in the most delicate shades, and with the most exquisite linings, are fashionable for evening wear.

The purchase of a safety bicycle by those who have an ambition to mount and stay aboard the silent steed has been hitherto out of the question with persons of moderate income—except, perhaps, on the installment plan. The John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, besides being in the manufacture of arms and sporting goods, has taken to making a really substantial and high-grade wheel, which is within the contemplation of the average purse. The firm is a very old and highly respectable one, the founder, Mr. John P. Lovell, now in his seventieth year, being still an active "personal attention" member thereof. The firm has passed its fiftieth continuous year, and the new cycle, called the Lovell Diamond Safety, is one of its crowning industrial efforts.



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP, of Georgia, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a tall, compact-built, broad-shouldered, handsome man, of clear complexion, with a frank, open face, twinkling blue-gray eyes, and a sparse brown moustache. He is getting bald on top, dresses with unnecessary neatness, and in manner is most engaging, possessing in a marked degree all that grace and dignity which are typical of the Southern-bred man. He is rising six-and-forty, and comes of a family of actors, his ancestors for several generations having been footlight favorites; but he can never aspire to the Presidential chair because of alien birth, having been born in England, where his parents had gone on a visit. They returned in less than a year after his birth, so that he was reared in Georgia, receiving a common-school education in Savannah and Macon. At the breaking out of the war he was only sixteen, but he enlisted in the Confederate service, becoming lieutenant in the Tenth Virginia infantry, and serving until May 12, 1864, when he was taken prisoner of war and sent to Fort Delaware. He was released at the close of the war, and returned to Ellaville, Ga., where his parents then resided. Then he read law, and was admitted to the Bar. This was in 1866. Six years later he was appointed solicitor-general of the Southwestern Circuit, and was reappointed in 1873 for the full term of four years, and removed to Americus, where he has since resided. At the expiration of his term in 1877 he was appointed judge of the Superior Court; elected the following year by the Legislature to the same office, and re-elected in 1880 for a full term of four years, resigning in 1882 to accept a seat in the Forty-eighth Congress. He has been continuously re-elected since. In 1883 he was president of the Democratic State Convention. He has been one of the most faithful and persistent workers in Congress, being hardly ever absent from his seat. He has served on several important committees in the House, including those on Elections (of which he was chairman in the Fiftieth Congress), Commerce, Manufacture and Pacific Railroads. Politically, he is a free-trader and an earnest, sincere and radical free-coinage advocate. For several years he has been one of the acknowledged leaders on the Democratic side of the House, and when in the minority he preserved his equanimity in times of hard fighting when other leading Democrats lost their temper. Indeed, it was noted that during the hottest debates over the rules and against the Force bill he and Speaker Reed were the only cool men in the chamber. No one was quicker to tackle the Speaker than he. Once, when reading from an old speech of Congressman Reed, protesting against arbitrary rulings, he closed his quotation by a wave of his hand towards the Speaker's chair and the remark, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." Another, when Ben Butterworth said he always stood by the Speaker, to which Crisp retorted: "Yes, you remind me of the Hindoo bowing before his god and saying, 'I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great.'" So well appreciated were his sterling fighting qualities that more than once he has been dubbed the "Bulldog of the House." As a parliamentarian he has few equals, and within the last few years has had no superior. As an orator he is judicial and dignified, and since Roscoe Conkling's day no man in Congress has displayed a choicer affluence of language in the off-hand current of debate. He is always earnest and sincere, and never rises without commanding the ear of the House. His voice is remarkably clear at the opening of a speech, but when



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP, OF GEORGIA,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

strained at too high a pitch it becomes harsh and threatening. In gesture he is forceful and illustrative, and in debate is logical and quick at repartee, but he is best liked, by those who know him, after dinner, with which he likes



THE LATE DOM PEDRO II., EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

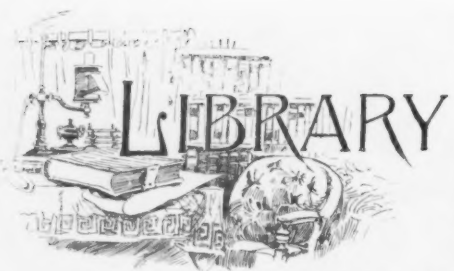
a glass of good old Burgundy, but no champagne. Personally he is one of the most popular men in public life, and young men are drawn toward him by something like that old-time magnetism that once cut a figure in the House. He is kindly and companionable by nature, and likes to hear and to tell good stories. He is also devoted to his family. During the Speakership caucus he sent a telegram to Mrs. Crisp every morning, and would not return to bed until he had received a reply.

WE regret to announce the death of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, the London correspondent of ONCE A WEEK, which took place recently in England. His career was of a most versatile character. He was essentially a man of action, passing from one occupation to another with surprising rapidity. He was originally intended for the diplomatic service, but the profession was distasteful to him, so he became an actor. His stage fever was soon over, however, and he turned his attention to painting. Then he went to Antwerp and studied surgery. He next took to globe-trotting, and was one of the first Englishmen who obtained permission to travel in the interior of China. When the Franco-German war broke out he repaired to Paris, and labored incessantly among the wounded and in the ambulance department. He wrote a series of letters for the *Times*, describing his adventures. His hair-breadth escapes in France had, however, whetted his appetite for the adventurous, and, disguised as a beggar, he lived in the slums of London and sought out information which afterwards appeared in a series of articles contributed to *All the Year Round*. Not long afterwards he appeared in the new character of a novelist. He wrote several volumes of fiction, the best of which is

called "Lady Grizel;" but he appears at his best in his books of travel. Of these "The Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter" is very spirited, and contains brilliant descriptions of China, Japan and the Philippine Islands, concern-

ing which countries his knowledge was very considerable. Then, to vary the monotony of life, he took part in the last Egyptian campaign, and on his return to England occupied himself in writing dramatic criticisms over the signature of "Whyte Tighe." More recently he had interested himself in the stage-setting of various Shakespearian plays, for his knowledge of costume and archaeological detail was singularly accurate. The earlier readers of this paper will not have forgotten the brilliant series of letters in which he pictured the inner life of London, with the trained hand of a man of the world and a journalist. Though naturally of a serious disposition, he was not destitute of humor, and indulged in numerous practical jokes with David James, Thomas Thorne, Toole, and other actors. On one occasion, on his return from the Celestial Empire, where he had been made a mandarin, he astonished the sober *habitués* of the Royal Institute by appearing in the full canonicals of the "Heathen Chinese." He was eminently hospitable, and his weekly breakfasts were among the brightest and most agreeable reunions in London. His house was a perfect museum of all kinds of "curios," including Oriental gods and goddesses of many a quaint nature, while Berry, the hangman, gave him "my favorite rope, with which I hanged thirty-two persons," in exchange for a Canton execution-knife. Mr. Wingfield, who was a brother of Viscount Powerscourt, was in his forty-ninth year, and was a graduate of Eton and of Bonn. He was a slim-built, fragile-looking man, with a bald, broad forehead and a full, dark beard. He was always in delicate health, and latterly had been residing at Brighton, in the hope of gaining vigor from the sea air. He was, altogether, a singularly charming person, whose loss will be mourned by a very large circle of friends of all sorts and conditions.

DOM PEDRO II., of Alcantara, who died recently in Paris, was born on December 2, 1825. His father, Dom Pedro I., abdicated April 7, 1831, and Dom Pedro II. commenced to govern in person, July 23, 1840. He was crowned on July 18, 1841. The long reign of Dom Pedro II., which lasted for almost sixty years, was mild and liberal, and was marked by a spirit of progress. The revolution of 1821 resulted in the separation of Brazil from Portugal, with Dom Pedro I., son of Dom John, of Portugal, as Emperor. A Constitution was adopted in 1824, but disputes arose between the Emperor and the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1831 he abdicated in favor of his six-year-old son, Dom Pedro II. Dom Pedro visited the United States during our Centennial celebration in 1876, and by his manly bearing and eagerness for information made a favorable impression upon public men. His recent deposition, and the birth of the Republic of Brazil, have been already discussed in this journal.



"LIGHT O' LOVE," by Clara Dargan Maclean. New York: Worthington & Co. A very charming story, admirably well told, with photogravure illustrations. Its dedication is sweetly touching.

"The Bachelor of Salamanca," by A. R. Le Sage. Translated from the French by James Townsend. New York: Worthington & Co. This fascinating classic has put on a new coat, and a very attractive one. It is well bound, well printed in large type, well illustrated, and, above all, well translated.

"Chatterbox," 1891. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. "Chatterbox," this year, seems better than ever, and the illustrations are as numerous as they are good. The child-face on the cover is alone worth the money.

A companion volume to "Quizzism; and Its Key," entitled "Wisps of Wit and Wisdom," by Albert P. Southwick, is in press by A. Lovell & Co., New York City.

Mr. Southwick's new novel, "Brown, the Lawyer," will be issued by G. W. Dillingham early in January, 1892.

"Inductive Latin Primer," by Harper and Burgess, is a new text-book which will be warmly welcomed. After a careful examination it will be found by instructors to be peculiarly adapted to the abilities of pupils who begin the study of Latin at an early age.—New York, Chicago and Cincinnati: American Book Company.

"In the High Valley," by Susan Coolidge, is a charming story well told, and it is all narrative. England and the United States are both in it. Aside from the story, the book itself is a rare gem at a very moderate price.—Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"With My Friends," by Brander Matthews, is a delightful treat, specially delightful to the professional *littérateur*. The volume contains "Tales Told in Partnership." The mystery, How do two persons work together in storytelling? has often puzzled the uninitiated. Mr. Brander

Matthews tells all about it in an introductory essay. There are six well-told and interesting stories in the book. They are thoroughly original, and their situations are well sifted and free from tiresome descriptiveness and straining after effect. It is a volume of our own day.—New York: Longmans, Green & Co.,

"The Romance of a Chalet," by Mrs. Campbell Praed, is the story of an American girl from New Jersey, whose prospective marriage with a young English nobleman, in whose family insanity is hereditary, is prevented by the discovery of a stain in her family history and by the death of her mother, whom she never saw until the last moment, in an English insane asylum. The heroine gives her lover an affectionate good-bye, and joins a Catholic Sisterhood, family stain, insanity and all. The story is rather rough on the Jersey girl and the Sisterhood. But as they are both figments, sympathy for them would be wasted. The style of the book is stiff and labored—especially in the descriptive portions.—Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Pris," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," and "Laddie," is a story for the little folks. It is wholesome, pleasant and free from the "pertness" which spoils so many juvenile stories, as well as, sometimes, their juvenile readers.—Boston: Roberts Brothers.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Great Divide, a monthly magazine published at 1516-1518 Arapahoe street, Denver, Col., has been something unique, thrilling, full of vim, out for big game, from its birth to the present time. In its Christmas number the reader will be transported in spirit to the "great divide," whereat our mighty river systems part company and flow in opposite directions. Not only will it contain real live sketches of a real, live Great West; but, just think of it! twenty gemstones will be given as premiums. The Great Divide publishers are straightforward about the matter—they do not claim the gemstones are of purest ray serene. But they are nice.

For upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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and greatly assist
digestion.

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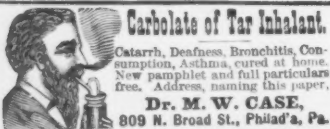
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THE "BUMP OF DESTRUCTIVENESS."—A railway collision.

Why is a sickle like an aversion?—Because it goes against the grain.

WHEN California miners imbibe they call it "putting in a blast."

A POET indicted a sonnet to his mistress, entitled "I kiss her sub rosa." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin, "I kiss her snub rosa."

"I NEVER did see such a changeable thing as the wind is," said an old lady, coming home out of breath. "As I was walking down the street, it blew as hard as it could, right in my face; and when I turned round and walked up the street, it then blew away on my back."

LONG DIVISION.—Separation for life.

MAIDS OF HONOR.—Those who do not jilt suitors.

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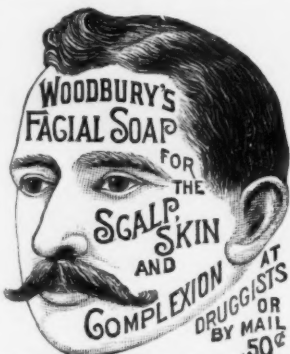
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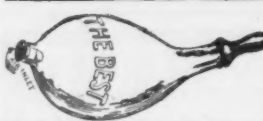
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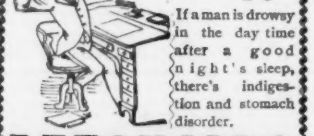
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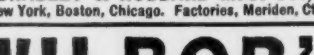
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